

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JUNE 1944





"THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMIN'..."

There's a glad day coming—when Jim will trade his landing barge for a putt-putt on Hinkley's pond. Instead of a platoon of grimy G. I. Joes, he'll have with him *the sweetest, swellest girl in Smithville.*

When that day comes, Greyhound will have a share in Jim's happiness. Maybe a Super-Coach will take him from his debarkation port right to the front steps of his home. It will help him revisit the woods, the mountains and the fishing spots he haunted before Pearl Harbor. It may well carry him on that proud excursion when the girl who waited becomes Mrs. Jim. And, as always, Greyhound fares will fit even the slim funds of a home-coming buck private.

But business comes before pleasure . . . Greyhound,

like Jim, has a tremendous job to finish. While Jim is knee-deep in Europe's mud or Pacific jungle slime, the transportation of manpower at home must proceed on a scale never equalled in history. In this task Greyhound takes a major and irreplaceable part. Its buses are *Prime Movers* of millions of people on trips essential to Victory.

Good luck as you scramble down the landing nets, Jim! May God go with you through the breakers, over the shell-swept beaches and up the flaming hills beyond. *If we at home do our jobs one-tenth as well as you are doing yours, there's little to fear for the future of America.*

TO SPEED THAT DAY buy another War Bond!

GREYHOUND





"Swifter than a race horse it flew over the icy streets!"

MANY a mustache cup was put down with a clatter. Many a housewife on this wintry Sunday morning in 1900 began to dream of a new family carriage—*without a horse!*

There on the front page of the newspaper was the thrilling story. Henry Ford had given a reporter a ride in the first Detroit-built automobile—an experimental model. It had been an inspiring experience.

A speed of 25 miles an hour had been attained. The reporter nearly leapt overboard in fright, but had kept his perch over the 3-gallon gas tank.

He was now able to record ecstatically that the "big machine rode with dream-

like smoothness" despite the ruts . . . that it "stopped within six feet" and was off again "like a frightened ghost".

Mr. Ford had proved himself "an expert in cutting circles and other fancy figures". He turned sharp curves "with the grace and ease of a wild bird". Even a milk wagon and a loaded dray had been encountered without mishap!

From these early days, the name Ford has never ceased to be news.

The reason lies in the basic Ford principle: *build a sturdy, simple car priced within the reach of the greatest number.*

When production was stopped on the 1942 models, more than 30,000,000 Ford-built cars and trucks had taken to the

road. Millions of them are still serving America's vital needs. Much of the present news of Ford is "restricted", for it has to do with the mass production of giant aircraft and other tools of victory.

But there will come a day when Ford news will again feature civilian models. You may be sure they will reflect all the ingenuity and precision engineering which are traditional with Ford. They will benefit, too, by the newer knowledge of materials and fabrication methods.

Yes, the Ford cars of the future may even challenge the descriptive powers of that forgotten reporter who, at the turn of the century, rolled along the streets of Detroit "swifter than a race horse".

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you why!*

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1944

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The Message Center

IN MAY we told you about four men who claimed to have beaten the time of Legionnaire William A. Reardon as "the oldest draftee in this war," on the basis that Uncle Sam had called him back into service the day before he was 45. The four, Messrs. Foster, Hawkins, Kopf and Bishop proved their point, and it appeared on the basis of what they told us that Foster (Harry H., member of the Post at Newark, New Jersey), born Feb. 23, 1897, and induct-

(Continued on page 4)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TELL the Legion story to someone from your home town by sending him this copy of your magazine. If he's in this country, put the magazine in an envelope, unsealed. Attach three cents in stamps. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on 15 cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. Don't let that *him* and *he* we've mentioned keep you from sending the magazine to a woman in service. Those words are inclusive: As the old saying has it, man embraces woman.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have
the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 51.

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Thank You, America, for your Tremendous Endorsement of Zenith's Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing!

Zenith Radio Corporation CHICAGO

OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

To: The Hard of Hearing, and
All Who Are Interested in Them.

Last November Zenith said: From now on, NO ONE NEED PAY MORE THAN \$40 FOR A QUALITY HEARING AID. Your phenomenal purchases testify how completely you agree. Already, your demand has made Zenith's rate of hearing aid production THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD TODAY!

By placing Zenith's finest quality within reach of all, the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is restoring thousands in every walk of life to the world of sound. It is rehabilitating men and women for greater usefulness in wartime work. It is removing the shadow of failure from school children whose lives were darkened by defective hearing.

Some have asked "How can Zenith's finest precision quality sell at this revolutionary low price?" That Zenith is the world's leading maker of radionic products exclusively is but a partial answer.

Perhaps more basic is this: Zenith builds not to a price, but to an improved modern principle of hearing aid design: The principle of instant personal adjustment. You, yourself, "focus" this instrument for your particular hearing needs -- for different voices and surroundings -- as conveniently as you focus a pair of binoculars!

Thus with the Zenith there is no need for old-way testing and frequent adjustments by high-pressure salesmen. There is no need for home calls and other expensive sales promotion. The quality is in the instrument itself, where it belongs!

By its excellence, by its low price and low-cost battery upkeep, the Zenith is bringing about something new in our nation. It is making the hearing aid as popular among those with impaired hearing as eyeglasses are among people with impaired vision.

For your understanding of Zenith's Crusade to lower the cost of hearing, for your overwhelming response to the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid, THANK YOU AMERICA!

E. F. McDonald, Jr.

President, Zenith Radio Corporation

P.S. To those not yet wearing a Zenith: You are invited to attend a demonstration at your local Zenith-franchised optical establishment. HEAR THE PROOF.



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There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

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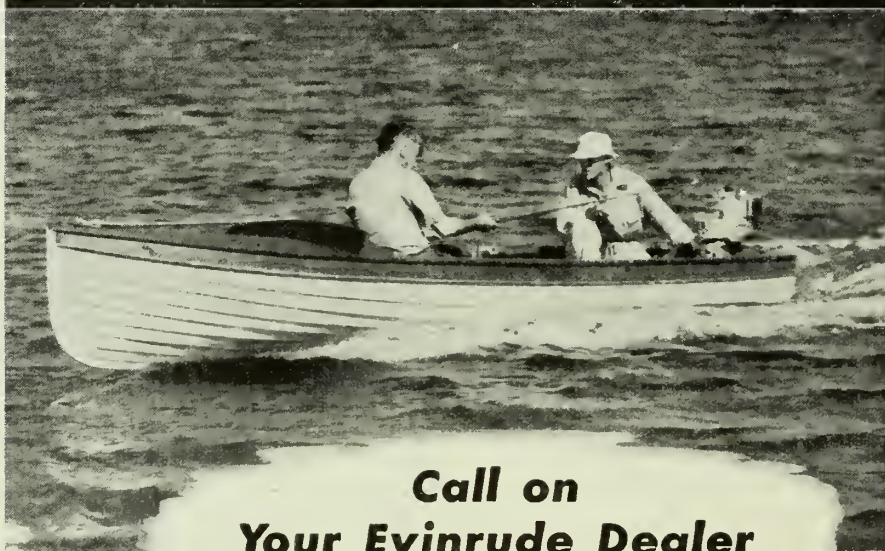
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IF YOUR OLD MOTOR "RUNS LIKE NEW"



**Call on
Your Evinrude Dealer
NOW!**

THIS year, the new Evinrude you might like to have owned is headed for far places, grim tasks. This is the year to gladly "make the most of what we have" . . . to enjoy it thankfully, and conserve it carefully.

Probably your recreation trips will be briefer, closer-to-home. So to make the most of every carefree hour, it's important to get your equipment in top-notch shape, and to have the old motor checked, serviced and tuned to sweet-running perfection.

This is a job for experts, so call on your Evinrude dealer! Give him ample time . . . he is busy and short-handed, and he wants your motor to be *right* before he turns it back to you. For "more fun fishing" . . . and to make your motor last longer . . . call on your Evinrude dealer now!

EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

★ ONLY FIGHTING DOLLARS COUNT . . . BUY MORE BONDS

EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS

THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)

ed on June 9, 1942, was the champion. Not so, however, for E. J. (Tip) Tipsett, whose *American Legion Councillor* of Toledo, Ohio, is a welcome member of our "exchange family," advances the claims of Ruel R. Randolph, of Toledo, "Frogtown on the Maumee," who was born on February 21, 1897. Tip didn't say when the good comrade entered the service this last time, but it's Champion Randolph until someone proves otherwise.

THIS month's cover, by Technical Sergeant Grant W. Christian of Sheppard Field, Texas, is the second we have accepted from a member of the armed forces in this war. The first was used last March, a drawing by Charles Andres, Specialist (P) Second Class, USNR, which represented dramatic action on the bridge of an American destroyer on convoy duty in the Pacific. Sergeant Christian's drawing is a modern application of the dream theme, with a soldier in the Pacific having on his mind the things that represent Home.

HERE is a letter that ought to give every World War I veteran a thrill of pride:
To the Editor of The American Legion Magazine:

"I wish to express my deep appreciation to The American Legion and especially to Hollywood Post 43 for the kind and considerate action given us during our formative period. This spirit of co-operation and understanding has done much to cement the relationship between World War I and World War II members as well as advance the American way of life.

"Through Post 43 we have been made an active component of The American Legion whose hard-won battles are being recognized and appreciated by the many returning veterans of our present war. With your continued help and the benefits of your past experience, we of World War II will keep the standards of the Legion and of America high.

"Our fight for those returning with maimed bodies will never cease.

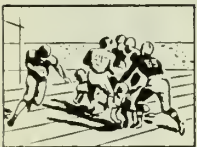
"It is with profound appreciation that we salute you."

Faternally yours,
Hollywood World War II, Post 591
P. G. Cann, Jr.,
First Vice Commander
(Continued on page 36)

A service man or woman would be glad to read this copy of your magazine after you have finished with it. How to do it? See instructions in the second column on page 2, between the stars.



Initiative—The Foundation of Democracy



When young "Red" Smith, eighth grader at Central School, sits with wrinkled brow, planning tricky plays for his football team, he is exercising his constitutional right to the "pursuit of happiness." His *happiness*, in this particular instance, is trying to beat the daylights out of rival teams. And that is the basis of our whole democratic competitive system. It's the reason that *no record*, in any branch of our economic life, is safe in this country. No *industrial* record. No *scientific* record. No *engineering* record. No *farm production* record. No *war* record.

Our kind of democracy gives us the privilege of initiative. In America we are free to go ahead and *do* things—free to compete for leadership in any walk of life.

We are taught to believe that nothing is so good that it can't be done or made better. And that same initiative—that competitive spirit of free men—that ever-

lasting urge to make the best *better*, bred in the hearts of millions of Americans, has made the U. S. the greatest nation on the face of the earth, in peace and in WAR.

The youth of America learns initiative early on our fields of sports. Out there, where "the best man wins," they develop the *will-to-win*, the *never-say-die spirit*, that makes them fight till the last man is out—till the final gun of the last quarter—the last bell of the last round—the last shot of the last long set—the last stride of the last lap.



Our competitive sports burn this initiative into our boys. While they develop fine, strong bodies, and agilities and skills in the use of those bodies, they also develop priceless qualities of self-confidence and determination—and a deep-seated love for the ways of American democracy.

It is this love of independence—this

freedom to compete on even terms for any prize worthwhile, developed in our youth by our competitive sports, that is the greatest safeguard of our democratic ways, in this age of sinister change.



Carried into manhood it will give us a mighty bulwark against any inva-

sion of the sacred tenets of the American way of life—whether from without or from within.

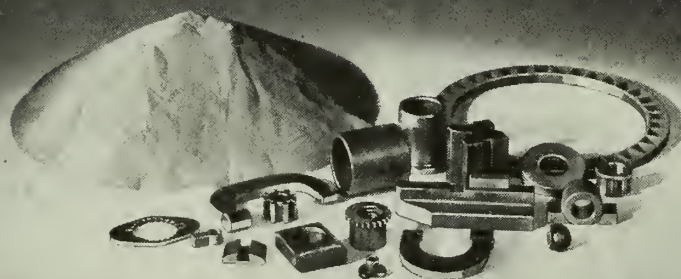
Wilson Sporting Goods Co.
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Wilson

SPORTS EQUIPMENT



Wilson Athletic Goods
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Chicago Plant



Bottleneck Breakers

By pressing metal powders into the desired shape in one stroke, it has been possible for Chrysler Corporation to produce many parts for weapons in but a fraction of the time required to machine them by ordinary methods. This process also eliminates waste of precious materials and saves countless man-hours.

It all started some years before the war when Chrysler Corporation's Amplex Division began pressing "Oilite" bearings out of powdered metal and impregnating them with oil which penetrated the tiny pores of the metal itself. Once installed in hard-to-reach places in automobiles, vacuum cleaners,

washing machines and other devices, these bearings provided their own lubrication without further attention.

Today almost every American-built weapon is made in larger quantity, at a saving of time and material, and functions better in action because it contains from one to scores of precision parts made by Powder Metallurgy. Such parts range from single pieces weighing 64 pounds down to tiny rivets weighing 10,000 to a pound.

Thus the science of peace has been applied to conserving the nation's manpower, materials and finances while speeding the production of better weapons.



You recall how Grandma mixed flour, seasoning and baking powder . . . then shaped and baked them into vastly different kinds of cookies, doughnuts, cakes and bread.

Powder Metallurgy is fundamentally very similar. Starting with metal "flour" so light and fluffy a breath of air would blow it away, various "recipes" are mixed, pressed in molds and actually "baked" in huge heat-treating ovens . . . to become tough, finished parts for many types of war equipment.

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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SOONER...WITH OUR BONDS

BY WARREN H. ATHERTON
NATIONAL COMMANDER, THE AMERICAN LEGION

FIFTY THOUSAND CROSSES mark the place where Americans drove the Boche from France.

Those graves, once free, are now defiled by the hoof of the Hun.

A new generation of Americans fights the brutes who would enslave mankind. The sons of those who sleep on Flanders Field and the sons of millions more face death at Rome and Rabaul and in the air and on all the seas between.

They need food and medicine and bullets and guns and tanks and planes and ships.

The more they have the sooner the world will be free.

The more they have the sooner the graves of their fathers will be clean of the hoof of the Hun.

The more they have the sooner the war will be won and the more there will be who live to come home.

Our sons out there are looking to you and me for the things which mean the difference between life and death to them.

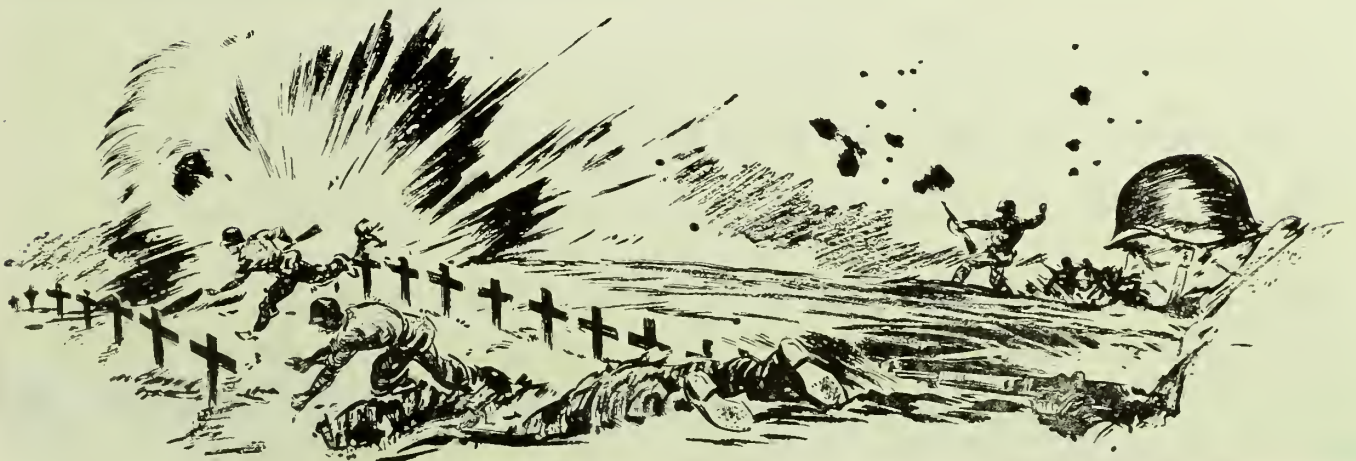
If we buy bonds they will get them and they can win and live.

If we fail them they must lose and will die.

Bonds buy battleships and bazookas and bombs.

Bonds will blast the Boche back to Berlin.

Buy bonds and help American soldiers drive the Nazi from their fathers' graves.





**HELP HIM GET THAT
LONG DISTANCE CALL
THROUGH TONIGHT**

You can do it by not using Long Distance between 7 and 10 P. M.
Those are the night-time hours when many service men are off
duty and it's their best chance to call the folks at home.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Never Again!

By JOHN KIERAN

Ex-Sergeant, 11th U.S. Engineers, AEF 1918



A plea by an old soldier to "organize the peace" in such fashion that our grandchildren won't have to die that America may live

I THINK that most of the former service men who saw action in the last war will agree with me that nothing is more offensive to the men who do the fighting than the loud blood-thirstiness of stout civilians safely tucked away at a great distance from possible contusions and abrasions—and sudden death—from shells, bombs, torpedoes or machine-gun fire. And I am a civilian in this war. At a safe distance. I must not forget that.

But I also think that the men who saw action in the last war and the men who are bearing the brunt of this one on land or sea will agree with me on one thing: When we get the Germans and

the Japs down—as we will in time—let's tie 'em down so that the next generation doesn't have to fight it out all over again. Either that, or we are as crazy as coots and deserve the worst that can come upon us.

Look! You and I and Bill and Joe went out in 1917 and many of us spent two years away from home, most of it in a foreign country. And Bill didn't come back. We come back—Joe with one leg—but we haven't forgotten the shells and the bombs and the mud and the lice and the big rats at night and what poor Bill looked like after the

chunk of H. E. hit him. But we licked the Boches, didn't we? Sure we did—and what came of it?

Why, what came of it is that your son and Bill's son and Joe's son have had to go out to do it all over again. Brother, there's something wrong with this picture; very wrong. I don't know where the blame lies and it's too late to argue about that now, except to see that we don't make the same mistake again. For if we do, then your grandson and my grandson and Bill's grandson—well, it's as plain as day. And it isn't good enough. It's horrible to contemplate. There is only one way to prevent

(Continued on page 42)

Drawing by FRED WILLIAMS

HE FOUND her waiting for him in the lounge at the Officers' Club, and from the moment he took Lee in his arms, Bill was uneasy. He couldn't have told why—but dammit, something wasn't right.

"Sorry to be late," he said, holding her close. "Couldn't help it. Alec met you at the airport, didn't he? Where's he got to? And where's Molly Finch? She promised to look out for you. What goes on here?"

Lee laughed, and kissed him again. "Stop fussing, Bill. Everything's all right. Yes, Alec met me; he's doing something about drinks. No sign of Molly yet; she'll turn up. What do you expect, working overtime on your own wedding day?"

He looked down at her. Lord, she was lovely! Small, dark, and slender, with big, gray eyes and a mouth curved for laughter above a strong, pointed little chin. Bill sighed—he was sandy-haired and stocky, nothing you'd notice in a crowd. He said, impulsively, "What did a girl like you ever see in a mug like me? Sure I'm the guy you want to marry?"

Lee said, "You've always been the guy, Bill. We shouldn't have waited, but I'll make it up to you."

HE WAS wondering what she meant when Alec—tall, red-headed, like a flyer on a war-poster—bore down on them with Molly Finch, the Major's blond, pretty wife, in tow. While the girls chattered, Bill drew Alec aside.

"Anything go wrong?" he asked anxiously. "Lee seems upset."

"Snap to!" said Alec. Brides are like that, didn't you know? Come on, break it up, you gals. Drinks all set in the bar—this is a wedding party!"

Alec steered Molly toward the door, and Bill heard her say, "Well, I could do with a little old drink, after waiting around here for two hours—"

Two hours? Lee's plane from Dallas had been due in at three, and the clock above the fireplace said five-thirty, Mountain Time. Something was wacky, but Bill had no chance to investigate. In the bar, Alec was pouring Manhattan, and Molly was digging in her bag, muttering, "Now where is that list the Chaplain gave me?"

That rang a bell. Bill's hand went guiltily into his pocket, closing on the



Dearly Beloved

By Muriel Bruce

Chaplain's note, which had been handed to him at Operations when he came down, just now, with his last kid pilot. The note read: "*Please come to my study on urgent matter.*" The only urgent matter, at the moment, was getting to Lee; Bill stuffed the note away and forgot it. He and Alec would beat it right down there now and see what the sky scout wanted—

MOLLY was laughing; Alec had snatched the list out of her hand, saying, "What's a best man for, anyway? I'll attend to all that!"

"Why, Alec!" Molly said. "You're in more of a tizzy than the bridegroom!"

Bill looked at him and saw, with sudden concern, that this was true. Alec's handsome face was lined and tight, as it was when he came down from testing a raunchy plane. A hell of a wedding party this was getting to be! He and Alec had better get out and leave the girls alone—he wanted some time with Alec anyway. After tonight, he knew damn well they might never see each other again.

"Speaking of bridegrooms," Bill said. "Aren't they supposed to be invisible for a decent interval before the wedding?"

"That's right," Molly agreed. "Why don't you boys run along? I'll take care of Lee. It's getting late."

Bill got up. "Let's go, Captain; we're not wanted. All right, Lee?" He put his hand caressingly on her shoulder, and found that she was trembling. Sure, she was jittery, and why not? He wasn't too calm himself.

She smiled and said, "Perfectly all right, Bill. Be seeing you."

Outside, in the violent heat of a New Mexican afternoon, he said to Alec, "What's eating you, you old buzzard? You look like hell."

"I feel like twenty hells," Alec told him. "Headache. Terrific. Aspirin and a sleep for me, or no best man for you tonight. How's if I meet you at your BOQ in about an hour, and check on your tie and bags?"

He went off, and Bill got into his car, suddenly lonely. He and Alec had been friends since the night Bill came to Dover Army Air Field—hating the place, rebellious at being taken off combat duty, despising his new job as Flight

Instructor. Alec had come up beside him at the bar and drawled, "How do you like this hell-hole, fella? Have one on me. The name's Yarnell." They drank together, went in to dinner together, stopping on the way to play the slot machines. Alec won a jackpot, and slapped Bill on the back, saying, "You're a mascot, Hayward. Stick around!"

Honeymoon or not, Bill thought as he headed for the Chapel, he was going to miss Alec like the very devil, and that queer, uneasy hunch was still gnawing at his stomach. He was stopped at a crossing by a fleet of yellow-flagged trucks. In the west, the graceful shape of a B-17 went up across the face of the setting sun like a black, fabulous bird. His spirits lifted suddenly. When he went on again, Bill was singing to himself the flyer's song of sixpence—"HAPPY is the day when the airman gets his pay—"

Inside the Chapel it was getting dark, but as he stamped down the aisle he could see the flowers and candles ready on the altar. In his study, at the back, the Chaplain was sitting at his desk. From his face, as usual, you could tell nothing; the Field's affectionate name for their sky scout was Deadpan Dickie. Bill stopped in the doorway and saluted. "You wanted me, Chaplain?"

YES, come in, Lieutenant. Sit down."

Bill sat down, threw his cap on the desk, and waited. The Chaplain hesitated, looked at Bill, looked away, and then said abruptly, "Lieutenant, how long have you known Captain Yarnell?"

Bill said, "Six months. Since I came to Dover. Why?"

"And how long have you been engaged?"

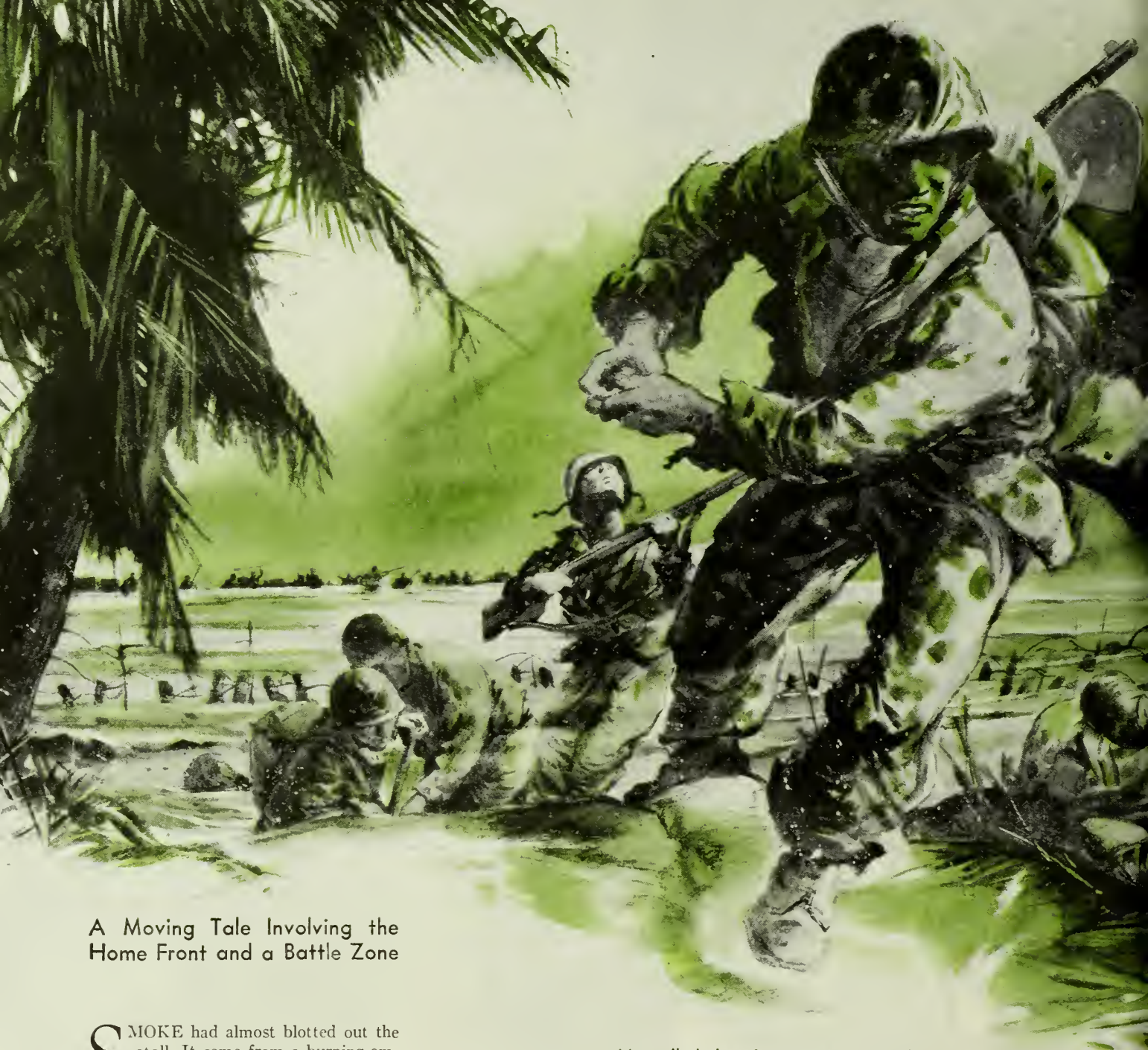
What was he getting at? Bill said, "We never could figure that one out,

(Continued on page 42)

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN



She was perfectly composed, in her white suit and hat, carrying the red roses of the Army bride.



A Moving Tale Involving the Home Front and a Battle Zone

SMOKE had almost blotted out the atoll. It came from a burning ammunition dump, from bombs and from the barrage laid down by the destroyers and cruisers. You could see the splintered tops of palm trees above the swelling cloud, and glimpses of the beach below looked plenty bad.

Joe went over the side with his platoon, his face pale between the freckles and his teeth clenched so tightly that his jaw-muscles ached. He was scared, all right, and he knew those around him were scared, too. But they were going on in. Having taken two beaches before—Guadalcanal and Munda—they were what was called “seasoned.” This beach was part of a long atoll called Tarawa, and Plan H said they’d have it in the bag in a matter of hours.

Only something had gone haywire with Plan H. Instead of being close to the beach, they were almost a half mile out, in hip-deep water. Plan H assumed that all the pill-boxes along the beach would

He pulled the pin on one, counted two, and pulled the other

be entirely blasted before this, but the first wave of Marines had been mowed down in the water. The wounded were still wallowing there. A few had made it beyond the barbed wire and were digging in like gophers. Against the deep-toned thunder of the bombs and shells you could hear the sustained crackling of Jap machine guns.

Nevertheless, Joe knew they were going on in. Once the landing started, it couldn’t stop. To retreat or hesitate wasn’t in the book. The Japs called that sort of thing “losing face.” The Marines said, “And let those monkeys laugh at us?”

The water was warm and clear. It was more than hip-deep for Joe, who was shorter than the others, and slender, but

he’d learned the system for wading fast. You threw yourself forward in a series of lunges, twisting your hips left, then right, at each alternate step. He was soon out in front. Sergeant Crump roared: “Spread out—spread out! You, Bub—wait up for us old folks. We wanna play, too!”

This brought a laugh. Joe was not only the smallest in the platoon, but the youngest, just past eighteen. It used to hurt, at first, when they called him “Bub.” You just grinned and took it when some gorilla would say: “Well, well, Bub, how’s for a game of marbles?” Or, in a bull session: “Us Marines—and Bub, here.”

It had been different after Guaddy and Munda. After that, they’d let him sight

Joe's War

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE



Illustrated by HAMILTON GREENE

right along with them in the bull sessions. Somebody would be talking about lobbing hand grenades, and he'd say: "Like Bub, at Guaddy," and go right on talking, making his point. Once Slim Parks had been arguing about bayonet work, how speed was better than trying to mow these monkeys down. The monkey was just as excited as you. Make him miss, then crowd in, fast. "You saw Bub—up there on the bank at Munda," Slim had said; and several of them had looked at Joe, nodding, not laughing at all. Like they weren't thinking of him as Bub, a little guy.

Best of all, of course, was when Sarge Crump had been giving them their

final "Halls of Montezuma" last night. He'd talked about the Corps. Crump was an oldtimer—he'd served four hitches—and it wasn't often that he let his hair down. But he'd had a hunch that Tarawa was going to be tougher than the brass hats figured. It was a bad moment when he'd given Joe a hard-boiled look and crooked his finger at him, motioning Joe to step up front.

It had been hard to get up, away from the shelter of the circle, but Joe'd made it. He'd stood up beside Crump, deathly afraid that tears would come to his eyes if Crump was too rough.

But old Crump had just stood, towering above him, and put his hand on Joe's shoulder. It was a big hand, and rough. Joe could feel it trembling; and it had come to him suddenly that Crump wasn't getting a wisecrack ready: he'd just wanted something to lean on and take hold of. "Us Marines—" Crump had said; and had gone on talking about the Corps. . . .

Boy! Tears had come to Joe's eyes, in spite of himself. Nobody had no-

ticed, because most of them were blinking, too, when Crump was through. This was probably the thing they called morale. . . .

THE smoke thinned a little and the slugs kicked up spray that was salty on your lips. You had to watch for bodies now, this close in. They always floated near the bottom, held down by their load of ammunition or hand grenades and wheeling back and forth with each swell, like clumps of seaweed. You had to dodge them, or jump over them. You could generally spot them in time. They were usually surrounded by a sort of cloud in the water, like spilled wine spreading out.

Now the water was less than knee-deep, so you could pick up your feet and really charge. "Keep down—*lower down!*" Crump roared. He was at the right and a little back. "Fan out!" . . . Then Crump was down. From the tail of his eye Joe saw him try to struggle up again, but he didn't make it. His hips broke the surface, and one arm came up and beat the water, like he was still trying—

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On the way to commissions in the Navy through training at Notre Dame University



Army trainees at Gettysburg College, near the site of the great Civil War battle. Below, a mapping class at Chicago on its way to service in the U. S. Engineers Corps



'Tention, Joe College!

By MERLE A. QUAIT

WALKING across the quadrangles these days is like walking through Great Lakes on Navy Day. No matter where you look: back of Harper Library, through Hull Gate; around the circle; down the Midway past the mountain range of gray stone buildings; there are men marching to the sound of a drum-beat. Or getting in formation to march. Or just breaking ranks after marching.

Criss-crossing as they pass each other, the platoons make beautiful unrehearsed patterns of design and as you watch them, you're proud: But in spite of the pride, there's a queer feeling in the pit of your stomach for the old school isn't the same anymore. The buildings are still there and ivy still grows on the walls but with educational theory and pure research overshadowed by vital statistics, vital training, vital everything, even your school has become a training ground for war.

In Stag Field, theater of many a forlorn football game, and on the high school ball field, the air no longer vibrates with college yells, or children's voices. The shouts you hear now come from loud speakers, give commands.

"Fall in for mess."

"Bunker, Second Division, Company F, Bunker, Second Division, Company F, report to the M.-A. shack."

Simple gymnastics and track meets have bowed out to military drill and signal practice. And where once there were clear grassy fields, we see telephone poles rigged up like ship masts and strung with lines of bright colored signal flags. Or rows upon rows of freshly laundered uniforms hung up to dry.

Recreation halls, gymnasiums, the field house, some of the laboratories, and classrooms, and the men's dormitories—Burton and Judson—have all been leased by the Government for the duration. Maybe longer. And sentries, pacing up and down, watchfully guard these buildings and the entrances to the fields. To get in, you must show a little blue card. But there was a democratic thing that happened when the Government took over Burton Court—despite the numbers of students turned out to find other rooms.

John Paul came here to school some few years back. Perpetually broke, he lived in a hole on 55th Street, or perhaps more often slept on the Midway. He paid his tuition by bussing at the Commons, sweeping out laboratories, picking up papers on the lawn, and running elevators. All manner of things he did, to get through school. You see, he really wanted (and earned) his degree. As might be gathered, there wasn't much time for tennis, or dancing, or even for loafing on the grass. John Paul was too busy working and studying and seeing to it that he kept alive as he went. But he couldn't help being envious of the boys who could do those things. He couldn't help but wish as he crawled, dog-tired, onto his hard mattress or bench each night that he too might live at Burton—the very elegant, very new men's dormitory with complete facilities. But anyway he got through school and when he'd finished went back home. In a small way, he has since been quite successful.

He came back to the University last month and I met him again just the other day. He looked different and it wasn't

Most universities and colleges have had trainees of the Army or Navy, or both, for varying periods of time in the past two years. This story of the activities at the University of Chicago is typical of what has been happening on virtually every campus in the United States

just the blue uniform he wore either. Nor his beaming face. He had a different air. He seemed taller, straighter. I soon learned why. John Paul, thanks to the Navy, is living at Burton today—in style.

On campus, there are fewer super-casual clothes—those once-familiar sweaters and corduroys and jeans. Navy blues and white and Army khaki have taken over. Their uniforms look a little less comfortable, I think, than the worn and faded pants, but the men in them are clean-shaven, clean-cut, clean. Before they were usually needing a haircut, or a shave, or both. Or had forgotten to send their laundry home and had only one shirt left. Or just didn't bother anyway, for part of college tradition was not to be too clean.

Dirty rattle-trap jalopies that swung around the circle on half a wheel, sounding like the well-known cement mixers, have been replaced by shiny Navy station wagons. Gone are the 'coon tails that flew in the wind from radiator caps and bumpers. Gone, too, are the wild Picasso paintings that camouflaged car bodies. A dignified, printed U. S. N. decorates car doors these days. And the yelling, shouting driver of the jalopy is now a quiet sober-faced lad in trim blue.

There are many non-uniform war research workers around here too, in addition to the Army and Navy. Non-uniform that is, unless a gingham dress, a brown suit, or a stained lab. coat could be classified as such. Their work is just as important to our country's welfare, however, as though they were in blue or khaki. They study as hard as the sailors, from early morning often 'til midnight, seven days a week. And they are rarely out of their offices or laboratories. Only occasionally do you get a glimpse of them as they rush out to the bookstore for a coke, or if you happen to find them relaxing for half an hour at noon under the trees on the Midway. But whether you see them or not, you know they're here. It was whispered around for months that they would be. And in their place, students used to be.

The scenery is only a fraction of the changed world though; the college people themselves have changed. Bridge-playing fraternity boys have gone down in history, which may or may not repeat itself, and the rah-rah for dear old Alpha Alpha has become subdued. A new type of boy is around school now—the student. Today, instead of contract or auction, we give you the air corps, the physicists, the chemists, the meteorologists, the oceanographers. And boys going out in droves for the Navy V-1, or 5, or 6, or 7, program. Even your favorite professor has gone to Washington for the duration.

And the college girls have changed too. No longer content to just flirt, and be coy, and look pretty, they are a composite group of young women studying radio and cartography, library statistics, soaking up more chemistry and nutrition. They're still girls though, so naturally still interested in how they look. But their reasons for being interested are different. Now it's because they believe it's good for the morale of the sailors and soldiers to see a smooth, well-turned female. And they're right.

To all of them, boys and girls alike, the highest aim, this year of our Lord, is to finish school. They *want* an education. And never before as now, when it seems they might be deprived of the opportunity, has it been realized that college means much, much more than a good time. It's a get-it-while-you-can story today. They mean to get it. Even in classrooms, those noted havens of rest, lounging, sprawling and dozing are noticeably missing. People sit straight, pay atten-

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Army chaplains at Harvard get the same training as that given the men they'll serve



Part of a contingent of 3,000 candidates for commissions at Yale University. Below, machine-gun assembly as put on by College of the City of New York cadets



IN March 1943, in Tunisia, a newly arrived major general named Omar Nelson Bradley was breaking in as deputy commander of the American Second Corps. One afternoon his aide, Captain Chester Hansen, said to me: "A year from now you'll see Bradley wearing three stars and in command of a field army." It was a completely accurate prophecy.

Ten months later General Eisenhower named Lieutenant General Bradley commander of American ground forces in the invasion of Europe from Britain.

The same day Hansen made his prediction I encountered Bradley near Maknassy. He was under enemy fire—an experience he was to repeat many times. There was little in his appearance to justify his aide's confident comment. Just short of six feet, big-boned and long-legged, the general was wearing enlisted men's field shoes, issue trousers, leggings, and a worn field jacket. If you hadn't seen the stars on his weatherbeaten helmet you would never have guessed his rank. His steady gray eyes stared out mildly through steel-rimmed spectacles, and when he spoke his voice was gentle and his words were polite. His rather homely, rough-hewn face creased easily into a grin.

My estimate of Omar Bradley on that March day was that he was a nice guy but lacked the glamor, the "color" that great generals are supposed to have. But by mid-April he was commanding the Second Corps, and by July he was a lieutenant general. His tactical skill, by which he saved many U. S. casualties, had earned him the nickname of "doughboy's general," and thousands of officers and men sang his praises. Within my experience, no other general officer has the affection and respect that men yield to Bradley.

I SAW this affection in Sicily during the final days of that campaign.

Ernie Pyle and I were having dinner with Bradley when to our astonishment a colonel, a captain and a half dozen enlisted men gathered outside his tent and began to sing. The colonel, who played a concertina, had written a new verse to the "Marching Song of the Second Corps," commemorating Bradley's leadership of it. Bradley hurried outside and listened, beaming, while the group sang lustily.

Later Bradley went to an outdoor



Doughboy's General

By FREDERICK C. PAINTON

movie. German bombers were moaning overhead, dropping flares and bombs nearby. Whenever they came over there was an enforced intermission, but nobody smoked and nobody moved. Once when a German flare lit up Bradley's silhouette an enlisted man leaned over and said, "Don't the old man remind you of Lincoln?" You hear that at least once a day.

Bradley's background is just as unspectacular as the man is himself. He was born on Lincoln's birthday in 1893 at Moberly, Missouri. His father was a schoolteacher, and young Bradley leaned toward that occupation until he passed a competitive examination for West Point. Like many other West Pointers who have distinguished themselves in this war, he had no outstanding scholastic record. "About the middle of the class," he says. He was on the second-string football squad, and played left field on the baseball team for three years. He batted .383, and in one game made the longest throw ever seen at the Point.

When Bradley graduated in 1915 the class prophet noted that "his most prominent characteristic is 'getting there.'" It was his lot to "get there" with the infantry; and he has stayed with the infantry ever since, for he has profound respect for it. In his report on the Tunisian campaign, he wrote: "No matter how excellent our equipment or how effective our artillery, it is the infantry which must bear the brunt of the battle. The infantry must have the will and the ability to close with the enemy and destroy him."

Bradley prepared for the job he has today in a typically unobtrusive manner. He studied and he taught. He loves mathematics; he loves to learn for the sake of learning; he likes to train young minds. So he took all the Command School courses. He was a member of the West Point faculty for two years, teaching mathematics and tactics.

He was so busy teaching during 1917 and 1918 that he did not get overseas. Between wars he took more courses and did more teaching.

When this country entered the Second World War, Bradley was heartsick that he had never had combat experience. There were many senior officers with such experience, and he expected that they'd be chosen over him.

Actually he was a marked man. In his teaching he had

shown a mastery of strategy and tactics, and an unusual grasp of detail. In 1941, while brigadier general in command of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, he expanded the Officers' Candidate School to handle 40,000 candidates so smoothly that the jars were hardly felt. And he was beginning to show the quality of leadership that can be kind of courteous, yet not familiar. One candidate said of him, "General Bradley made me feel like I was a general myself!" In February 1942, he was made a major general and did a brief tour of duty as commander of the 82d and 28th Divisions.

AFTER the sharp American setback in Tunisia at Sidi Bou Zid in February 1943, he was hurriedly sent overseas to serve under Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr. He had been chosen over dozens of officers his senior in service. In the next six months he built up a record of great leadership. On four critical occasions he showed such tactical skill, such a remarkable sense of timing and coordination in handling his forces, that he surprised the Germans and soundly defeated them.

The first of these problems came in April, after General Patton was recalled to command and train the Seventh Army for the invasion of Sicily. The High Command had decided to move the Second Corps from southern Tunisia for a surprise attack in the north. This movement had to be secret; otherwise the Germans could reinforce the spot selected for the attack.

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Men of the Marine Corps say
letters keep up morale . . .
Write that V-Mail letter today.

"Remember the picnic we took Mary on? . . . How is the garden doing this year? . . . Sure could go for one of Mom's apple pies."

Yes, he has weightier matters on his mind . . . battles to be fought and a war to be won. But where there's time . . . he writes a letter home—to ask about the small, familiar things that he'll be coming back to when the war is over . . . the *little* things that to a soldier, as to all of us, add up to home.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the

right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is—as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale —ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things



"Happy Tomorrow"—2 words that mean saved dollars



2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"



Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Little Shoes

By MYRA WELLS BREWER

Art Matheny was and Little Art is the sort of fellow that we'd all like to be. Here's a true tale of Courage and Character

AFTER dinner with my friend Willa one day last year in her comfortable home, I held the two little shoes in my hands: the right little shoe that had waited at home, and the left little shoe that had gone to France. In 1918, they had been worn proudly by her two-year-old army son, now a captain in Uncle Sam's artillery.

The wearer of those tiny shoes had been born in that home where we sat talking, born just two months before his father, Lieutenant Arthur J. Matheny, went with the Oklahoma National Guard in June, 1916, to serve on the Mexican Border.

When he was six months old, his mother took him to the Border so they could be near his soldier father. For a few weeks of the time they lived on outpost duty just across the river from Mexico. They were "in sight of peons going and coming with burro and goat." Some of those people were kind to the degree of helping when the baby was sick with croup, and neither doctor nor other countryman nearer than twenty-five miles.

After World War One was declared, the little family lived in or near camp at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and Camp Bowie, Texas, where the 36th Division was stationed, until the boys went overseas.

"Little Art's" small footwear, like his khaki cap, had been fashioned after the style worn by soldiers. He strutted about feeling as big as any soldier. Army friends taught him to march before he learned to talk. The officers said that the little fellow could do anything the privates did except swear; then added, "And if he could talk, we'd teach him that."

The days of training in that war went by less somberly than now, for only the most elderly people remembered anything about the suffering that war brings. The young wives, proud of their husbands, enjoyed the bright ribbons of time measured out to them, not thinking much of what might come. Willa said that she was happy and gay and completely unmindful that "it could happen" to her.

Meningitis changed all that: In January "Little Art" had spinal meningitis.



Little Art's "army shoes" stood on his high chair. Chair and shoes were no longer being used

After days and nights of watching, the doctor led Willa and the lieutenant from the sickroom. They stood outside the closed door in lonely grief. A clock ticked endlessly.

Their baby's high chair was nearby, unused and forgotten. On it were his "army shoes," equally neglected. When the sight of these familiar things that might never be used by their boy again registered on their consciousness, it opened the cold gates of grief a little. The heartbroken father said to the weeping mother that he would gladly give his life if that baby could get well. They got down on their knees by these things that polio was about to render empty symbols. Then in unaccustomed oral prayer, the lieutenant offered himself to God in place of his son. He pleaded with God to restore his baby to health and take him instead. That was the first time his wife had heard him pray, but there was no mistaking the fact that he was in direct communication with the Great Father of mankind. That was also the last time she heard him pray. As he arose from his knees he felt certain that his son would live.

IN July, the child had recovered sufficiently to walk a few crippled steps. The lieutenant and his men were get-

Drawing by G. VAN WERVEKE

ting ready to leave Fort Sill for an eastern port of embarkation. Mrs. Matheny had sent her baggage to the depot. So she and the baby were ready to go back to Chandler, as soon as her husband's company was started on its way.

For the leavetaking, she had put the sturdy little shoes on the baby in an effort to cheer her husband, to make him feel that his son would not be lame after all. In her heart there was grave doubt, but she wanted to make a happier picture for him to remember.

When Lieutenant Matheny came back to the apartment to see his family once more before entraining, Arthur J. Matheny, Jr., was shuffling about the room in his beloved shoes. This pleased and touched the young father mightily. He said to his wife, "I could go gladly, if I knew my baby would get entirely well." Then he reached down to pick up his son; he took off the little left shoe and put it into his pocket.

"Oh, 'Art,' that's all he has to wear," protested his wife.

"Where are his white ones?"

"In the trunk. It's gone."

Lieutenant Matheny sent his orderly

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Backing Up the FBI

By J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation



Whenever an FBI representative asks a Legion Post for help, that help is immediately forthcoming. What such coöperation can mean, especially in wartime, is here set forth by the head of the FBI

TODAY Legionnaires by the thousands are again serving their country on the battlefields. Those not in uniform are contributing their share on an equally vital front, for without maximum production of the implements of war and full security at home, attaining victory abroad will be difficult indeed.

Since the inception of the emergency the FBI has been shouldering its heaviest responsibilities since its creation in 1908. Important successes have been achieved, but these would have been impossible without the excellent coöperation of American law enforcement officers, and private citizens, acting individually and in groups. Particularly significant has been the magnificent contributions made to the FBI's wartime program by patriotic citizens throughout the United States and in the territorial possessions who are members of The American Legion.

The Legion has worked closely with the FBI for many years in maintaining peacetime security here at home. Since the emergency, the liaison relationship has been even closer and the results still more gratifying. Shortly after the President coördinated internal security activities under the FBI during 1939, I was pleased to perfect arrangements for a far-reaching and most effective program of coöperation with the Americanism Commission of the National Headquarters of the Legion.

Since then a representative of the FBI has been in close and frequent contact with the Commission for the purpose of discussing mutual problems. The importance of nationwide coördination of information pertaining to espionage, sabotage and related violations and the dangers inherent in the private investigation of such matters was clearly recognized by the Legion leaders.

We put in operation a plan whereby the heads of the Field Offices of the FBI would contact Post Commanders and discuss with them the manner in which they and the members of their respective Posts could best aid the FBI in its various activities.

Subsequently tens of thousands of contacts were made with individual members of the Legion and arrangements perfected for maximum coöperation, when the Legion made available to us its entire facilities and membership in a fully-coördinated program.

Many months have now gone by and it is possible to review in retrospect some of the tangible results of this coöperation. Much, of course, cannot now be told. Some things perhaps can never be revealed. But it is possible to discuss certain cases to illustrate the inestimable assistance which is being furnished.



Director Hoover

Particularly valuable contributions have been made by loyal citizens in the enforcement of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940. Though there have been over 7,700 convictions of those who wilfully flaunted their obligations under the draft, it has been recognized that the primary purpose of the law was to strengthen the Armed Forces rather than to fill our prisons. Each reported violation has been investigated carefully by the FBI with the coöperation of local officers before any action was taken, and mass raids, with consequent confusion and embarrassment to innocent individuals, have been avoided entirely. Already over 145,000 of these young men have been made available to the Armed Forces through the assistance of private citizens, many of them Legionnaires.

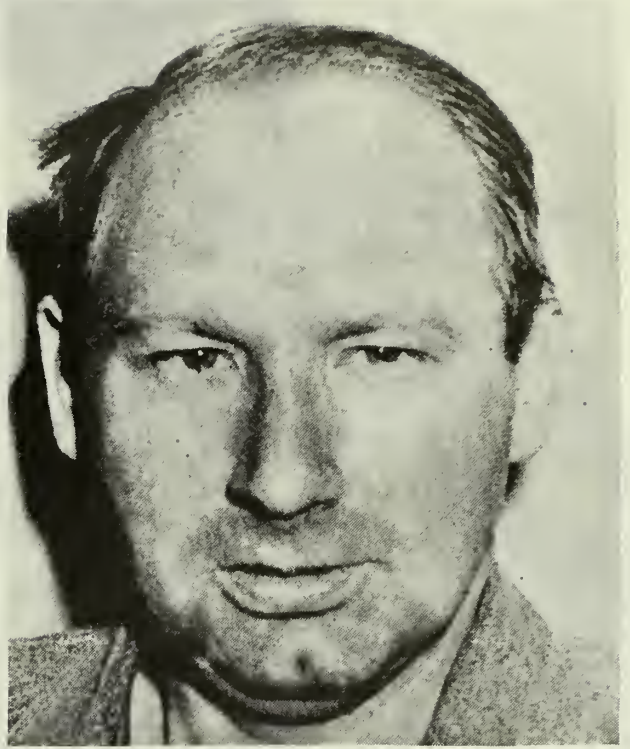
Typical of Legion activity in the lo-



A Detroit Legionnaire helped trap Grace Buchanan-Dineen with seven other spies



Spy-ring master mind, Ludwig was cagey, but the FBI got him and his entire gang



Heinrich Roedel, storm trooper and saboteur. He tried to burn down a lumber yard

cation of delinquents is the work of a Michigan Post. The places of employment and residences of the over seven hundred members were noted on a large map maintained in Post headquarters. Whenever a particular Selective Service delinquent was reported, a Legionnaire in the Post living or working in the vicinity of his last reported address was singled out to furnish any pertinent information available, such as relatives or a new address, which would assist in clearing up the delinquency. This scheme really worked; it paid huge dividends. In one year alone the Post was instrumental in locating one hundred sixty-eight Selective Service delinquents. What is more, in approximately twenty-five other cases pertinent information was supplied which was extremely valuable in the ultimate satisfactory removal

of the delinquencies. It was of real help.

In Mississippi recently a citizen was of great assistance in locating a Selective Service fugitive who had escaped from a state prison where he was serving a sixty-year sentence for bank robbery. The individual was a friend of a relative of the wanted man and made it possible for a Special Agent of the FBI to learn the location of the fugitive in another State without any suspicion being aroused. In another case in the South information was furnished which greatly clarified two Selective Service cases. A private citizen noticed the names of two individuals on a new list of Selective Service delinquents and was able to advise that they were one and the same person. In each instance the person furnishing the assistance was a Legionnaire.

In West Virginia during December, 1943, one Dean Robert Irving received a prison sentence of three years and a fine of \$1,000 after pleading guilty to bribing the secretary of his local draft board, who was coöperating fully with the FBI. Irving, a notorious fixer and gambler, approached the secretary through an intermediary and offered the sum of \$500 if his papers could be "lost." The secretary, a Legionnaire who had long been helpful to the FBI, reported the matter to our Huntington office. Later Irving paid the sum of \$500 to the secretary and was immediately taken into custody by special agents.

Private citizens have also assisted in many instances in establishing the innocence of persons accused of crime. In one case the FBI received a report re-

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SOLDIERS WITHOUT UNIFORM

By CHESTER BOWLES, Administrator, Office of Price Administration

The other day someone sent me a clipping from a paper which told this story. It seems a worker in a Milwaukee war plant gave a tip to state and federal enforcement officers which led to the arrest of two men and was a factor in breaking up a huge gasoline black market.

Said Thomas Gorak, Jr., the war worker: "I thought I was just doing what anyone should do."

But instead of getting the thanks of his neighbors and fellow workers for protecting them from black market racketeers, which he deserves, Gorak is getting the cold shoulder.

The realization that such an attitude exists even in one

part of one American community is shocking. It would be like condemning a soldier for reporting the position of enemy snipers. Because these gasoline blacketeers are enemies of our entire rationing system.

When they peddle their counterfeit or stolen coupons they are sniping at our entire home front war effort by stealing gasoline away from essential transportation.

When people buy these illegal coupons they let the racketeers make personal profit at the public's expense.

Let us be thankful that there are Goraks, and plenty of them in America, "soldiers without uniform" who have the courage to do "what anyone should do."



As the soldiers piled aboard the ancient sidewheeler, Tampa didn't have to guess where they were going

The Glory That Was Gussie

By A. C. M. AZOY

Illustrated by ALBIN HENNING

WAR is commonly considered a form of sometimes-justifiable homicide that is peculiarly masculine in its prerogatives. History proves that rule, and proves it with such charming exceptions as Helen in the Trojan War, the two Molly Pitchers in our own Revolution, Mata-Hari in World War I, and that light o' love who is reported to have stood by the side of France's last Premier as the craven statesman sold his country into Nazi slavery. But History's list is not quite complete; in it there is no mention of "Gussie." She was the sole *femme fatale* of our war with Spain, and her exploits at the very start of that struggle set the note of opéra-bouffe to which the rest of the contest ever afterwards conscientiously adhered.

"Gussie" was anything but the glamorous, seductive type of feminine war monger made so familiar to us through spy stories. "Gussie" was the strong and sturdy type; she was broad and heavy; she moved slowly and her ponderous peregrinations were accomplished by a sort of side-wheel motion with a good deal of puffing and blowing. In short, "Gussie" looked and acted like

nothing in the world so much as an old river steamboat. And this was all right, too, for in point of fact she *was* an old river steamboat. To her fell the honor of carrying Uncle Sam's first expeditionary force to land elsewhere than on North, South or Central America—an honor all but forgotten after forty-five years, but now, as then, the result of an adventure that merits memorialization in song and story. Anyone may write the song who wishes to; here is the story.

The long-ago spring of '98 found this country of ours spinning in as fearsome a series of dizzy spells as ever bewildered a government and those it was supposed to govern. Actual war with Spain for the freedom of Cuba, long a possibility of varying remoteness had, since the new year, become a definite probability. In February the U. S. S. *Maine* had gone to the bottom of Havana harbor, destroyed by an explosion that was officially unexplained but which Mr. and Mrs. Public were confident was of Spanish origin. National anger against the Dons, already aroused by the jingo journalism of Hearst and Pulitzer, was crystalized by the battle slogan "Remember the *Maine*!" and by the anti-

Spanish attitudes of a group of governmental leaders in Washington who sincerely believed that the release of Cuba from Spanish rule was an important part of the white man's burden. One of these men was a young Congressman named Henry Cabot Lodge, another was the equally youthful Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, and between them they just about started hostilities single handed.

It was Lodge who called on Secretary Long at the Navy Department late on a Friday afternoon, ten days after the *Maine* had sunk, to press his case for open war. And it was Roosevelt, in the absence of his chief, gone home early, who received Lodge. The pair then embarked on an orgy of officiousness that has no equal in our administrative annals. They issued preremptory orders for ship movements, for obtaining and loading ammunition; they even forwarded to Congress a request to increase the size of the Navy. Finally, Roosevelt sent the following "secret and confidential" cable to Commodore George Dewey, in charge of our "White Squadron" on the China station: "Order the

squadron except *Mono-cacy* to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war with Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders. Roosevelt."

When Secretary Long returned to his office on Saturday and discovered what his precocious young assistant had done, he plaintively set down in his diary, "The very devil seemed to possess him [Roosevelt] yesterday afternoon." But the damage had been done, and well done. Dewey, with decks cleared for action and bunkers full of coal, had his fleet on a war footing, and for the first time the dangerous phrase "declaration of war with Spain" had appeared in official orders.

From that time on the United States was completely absorbed in variously expressing its hostile disdain of Spain and all that was Spanish. Volunteering to help the Cuban insurgents in the field became a popular pastime among our young men, the newspapers reporting one of the most active of these bellicose youths to be "a little fellow named Funston"—sometime later to become Major General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., and the captor of the notorious Filipino rebel, Aguinaldo. American women, headed by such feminine notables as Julia Ward Howe, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Jefferson Davis and the mother of President McKinley, surged forward with offers of help to their Cuban sisters, and the state militia units polled their members to determine whether or not they would accept federal service in the event of a Spanish war.

They did not have long to wait to put their theories into practice. The declaration of war came on April 25th, McKinley called for volunteers and Long, this time without his assistant's aid, cabled Dewey to "Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once particularly against Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors."

By May 2d, when word came of Dewey's victory at Manila Bay, most of our citizenry was in an advanced state of hysteria that the American fleet's triumph could do little to increase. The Spanish grand fleet under Admiral Cervera had left its home shores and vanished in the ocean mists, and there was not much doubt in anyone's mind that an attack on our eastern seaboard was its main objective. Protection by guns and mines was demanded from Maine to Florida; one Congressman asked for warships to be stationed off Jekyll Island, Georgia, to protect the estates of his wealthy con-

The *Gussie* took the first American troops to Cuba for the War against Spain forty-six years ago this spring. The story of its six-day round-trip voyage given here seems utterly fantastic to 1944 understanding, but in 1898 military censorship was just an infant crying in the night

temper was plainly against further delays. Something had to be done to allay the national anxiety over our lack of offensive action, something that would show Americans, Cubans

and Spaniards we weren't fooling when we said we would fight to free Cuba. The solution of this annoying problem was at length decided to be the dispatch of a shipment of arms to a stronghold of Cuban insurgents at Mariel, a coastal town twenty miles west of Havana, and thus it was that Fame first beckoned to *Gussie*, and an unique chapter was added to our martial memorabilia.

The scenario of the adventure called for Companies E and G of the 1st Infantry to act as the proposed expeditionary force under command of Captain J. H. Dorst of the Cavalry, with Captain John J. O'Connell as second in command; ten Cuban scouts completed the military personnel, and for a transport some quartermaster with no sense of humor commandeered the ancient, side-wheel, walking-beam river steamer *Gussie*. How anyone in his right senses could have hoped for the success of any undertaking launched under the aegis of that name seems incredible, but the whole Spanish War was waged by us on the theory of acting first and thinking afterwards, if at all.

The embarkation was scheduled to occur at Tampa on the evening of May (Continued on page 32)

The embarkation was scheduled to occur at Tampa on the evening of May

(Continued on page 32)



"What is the name of the man in the bow of the first boat?" the newspaperman called out



More than a million boys and girls will be needed to raise the crops we've got to have in this crucial year. Every teen-ager should read this story

More Food Needed for Victory? **Let's Go, Kids!**

By KENNETH R. BOORD

City lads get a lesson in animal husbandry and find out what "runt" really means

PRACTICALLY every day the American farmer is reminded by the informational media of the nation that new goals for greatly increased production of food have been set up for 1944. The farmer knows full well that he is expected to shoulder his share of this increase. For the past seven years he has set up new records in food and feed production, and he's going to try to break those records again this year.

The farmer realizes that the need for additional food production in 1944 is vital. Without it the gigantic task of feeding large numbers of the civilian population in Allied and conquered countries, as well as the members of our Armed forces and the people of our nation, cannot be done. We must not, we cannot, disappoint these people. They depend on the products of agriculture for the garments that clothe them, and for the food which provides the physical

stamina needed to wage a successful fight against the enemy. Along with the rest of us, the farmer is aware that if we fail to meet the rapidly increasing demands of our armies, our civilian workers, our Allies, and the liberated peoples for these highly essential war materials, the whole war effort will be handicapped and thousands of persons will die of starvation.



Youngsters delivering spinach which they have just cut. Many a food crop will be saved this year by volunteer workers of high school age

The American farmer says: "I have the *lands*, but I've got to have more *hands*!"

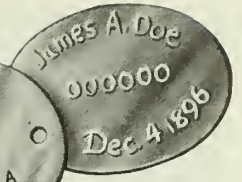
For the American farmer also knows that increased production goals mean an increased need for farm labor. The manpower shortage is the greatest obstacle to reaching the goals for 1944, and the competition of the Armed services, industry, and agriculture for the available total manpower will unquestionably become keener and keener.

The Office of Labor, War Food Administration, forecasts that approximately 500,000 additional farm workers over those needed last year may have to be recruited in 1944. Total numbers of supplementary workers needed this year are estimated at 4,000,000. And these are in addition to the regular farm staff—the farmer and his family and his regular year-round hired hands, who make up the backbone of the nation's farm labor force. It is a truism that at certain periods, particularly during the harvest,

(Continued on page 44)



DOG TAG DOINGS



News and Views of Today's GI's around the Globe



A new and necessary safety adjunct to the Air Corps is the above P-149. Equipped with radio and a complete dispensary, she patrols off the coasts to pick up flyers whose planes konk out

THEY all wear them or wore them—from the highest to the lowest. We mean dog tags, of course, and on the next page you'll see the tag with the serial number of John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. and now General of the Armies.

Also on that page, the tag with the serial number of General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, is on display.

STRANGE how interesting items bob up from the most unexpected sources. Warrant Officer Harry R. Feger, a retread who was a charter member of Port Carbon (Pennsylvania) Post and now belongs to Ft. Lauderdale (Florida) Post, wrote from Florida, asking for some information about his First World War outfit, S. S. U. 637, U. S. Ambulance Corps, and mentioned that he was now chief engineer on a floating radio station. He showed his address as H. Q. Boat Unit Sta. #11, Caribbean Wing, A.T.C., West Palm Beach, Florida. As that all sounded interesting, we asked Comrade Feger about it and received from him the photograph of the P-149 you see at the top of the page, and with it came this absorbing account:

"How much I can tell you about my outfit, I do not know, but I am sure my Government will not object to what I say. [We got official clearance on the story—C.C.] I feel equally sure the mothers and fathers of our flyers will be glad to know about it, too.

"The picture I am sending is of our ship, P-149. It is 104 feet long and carries

a crew of four warrant officers and eight enlisted men, besides a Medical Corps staff sergeant.

"The P-149 is the latest development in this type of ship. It includes a complete dispensary with twelve beds and all the latest equipment such as litters, leg and arm splints and so on. We even have a hand-operated elevator from the deck to the dispensary. Our ship is very speedy and seaworthy, and, of course, we are equipped with two-way radio.

"Our job is to help prevent flyers from losing their lives at sea. The A.T.C., by the way, stands for Air Transport Command. For some time the Army had been trying to find a way to stop this loss of life—this plan was conceived and it is a good one. Our instructions are to get the man—t'hell with the plane!

"Our ships are stationed about every couple hundred miles apart and when planes leave their land bases in this country or other fields, they report out and as they pass over us, make radio report and also check to see if they are on the beam. They tell if the flight is intact and how everything is. And so on down the line. If they report to us and then fail to report to the next ship in





"I always feel more comfy in a place that looks lived-in—don't you, Sarge?"

line, we know they are down between us and the next station, and both ships leave to cover the intervening area. Just another precaution our Government is taking to safeguard our flyers.



"We seldom get into port, as we are kept furnished with fuel, water and food from a supply ship."

SIMULATION is a much overworked but necessary word during training. And the basis of the following anecdote, which 1st Lieutenant Johns H. Harrington, Headquarters, 264th Infantry, 66th Division, APO 454, Camp Robinson, Arkansas, assures us is true, is just that. Before donning the uniform

back in August, 1942, the lieutenant, a former resident of Los Angeles, was journalism teacher at Orange (California) High School. O. K., Lieutenant, you take over:

Half a dozen unwilling and wary "prisoners" were ushered to a "prisoner of war collecting point" during a field exercise of my regiment at Camp Robinson. We were divided into opposing "forces" and soon after the "enemy" arrived, an intelligence officer, bent

upon practicing the art of interrogation, started questioning.

Each soldier is instructed, provided he is captured, to give only his name, rank and serial number, in order not to reveal information. The intelligence officers of each side must try to break down the enemy's silence.

Such was the aim during this situation, but on being confronted with a pointed inquiry, the first soldier folded up like the traditional clam and would only mutter, "Buck private, 31342151."

"Soldier," growled the intelligence officer, "there is nothing which prohibits a prisoner from giving his correct name, rank and serial number."

The officer then fished out the prisoner's dog tags which hung around his neck, to learn his actual identity—and was his face red? His prisoner actually was Buck, private—being none other than Private Arthur L. Buck of Stanington Road, Pawcatuck, Connecticut!



HISTORY is certainly repeating itself in unusual ways in this war. We've heard of several cases where young soldiers are now serving in the very same company and regiment of reactivated First World War Divisions in which their fathers served. This isn't exactly happenchance—as the lads, if lucky, usually have their requests to be assigned to such outfits approved.

The watery scenes we bulletin on this



In 1917, Raymond F. Spencer snapped the company street (right) after a cloudburst at Kelly Field, Texas. Below, the far end of the same street photographed by Cpl. Paul Spencer in 1943



page, however, are proof of history repeating itself—even to Texas cloudbursts. Our contributor, Raymond F. Spencer of Lt. John J. Galvin Post of the Legion in Greenfield, Massachusetts, had this to say when he sent the two snapshots:

"Not long ago in the now-retired 'Then and Now' I saw several comparative pictures. One display was of a company street of tents at Ft. Bliss, Texas, taken in 1917, and the very same



Completing their missions in the Southwest Pacific, the above crewmen of the *San Antonio Rose* were surprised to find their ship at Amarillo, Texas, Air Field, where they were assigned as instructors. The plane, with her wings clipped, is being used to train mechanics

street taken during 1942 — another showed Camp Dix of 1917 and Fort Dix of today. That's why I thought the enclosed pictures might fit in well in Dog Tag Doings.

"The snap of the flooded company street was taken by me at Kelly Field, Texas, during July, 1917, where I was stationed with the 12th Company, Aviation Section, Signal Corps, which later became the 28th Aero Squadron. The rain (cloudburst) started in early evening and continued throughout the night. Next morning, we could see our belongings floating by in the six inches of water.

"In September of last year, my son, Corporal Paul Spencer, 893d Signal Company, Air Corps, snapped the other picture and sent it to me with this note: 'On September 2d, we had a cloudburst that was continuous all that day. The water backed up so that it was waisthigh in the orderly-room. Water in the supply-room was 2½ feet deep. Most of the boys went around in their bathing suits for several following days.'

"When Paul was home last November, we compared notes and from his description of the present camp we feel sure these pictures, twenty-years apart, were taken of the same location—the small building in the recent picture probably

being the one seen at the far end of the street of tents."

THIS department, we believe, is the most logical place in the magazine for the admission of an inexcusable error that occurred in our February issue. We thank Legionnaire Ruric R. Robertson of 93 Toxteth Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, for calling it to our attention:

The story of "Junior Baseball Carries On" in the issue of February, 1944, contains an inaccuracy that could cause much uneasiness on the part of families and friends of the crew of the U. S. S. *Boise*.



"It ain't that I don't trust you guys, exactly . . ."

On page 38, paragraph 1, it is stated that the *Boise* was sunk in the South Pacific. Not only did the "Reluctant Dragon" survive her pounding off Salvo Island, but was in there pitching when our troops landed at Salerno, Italy, months later.

FROM our observation, the majority of flyers and bombers and gunners and other crew members of planes reluctantly obey orders to return to the States as instructors after completing their required number of missions.

Some veterans of one such crew, however, got the surprise of their lives when they reported for duty at Amarillo (Texas) Army Air Field. We direct your attention to the above photograph which came to us from Major B. A. Simms, commanding officer of the 624th Technical School Squadron, a B-17 and B-29 mechanic school whose personnel varies from 700 to 1700 men. It is the only Field where B-17 mechanics are trained.

Space restrictions permit the Company Clerk to use only brief extracts from the major's splendid story:

Having served their country honorably in the South Pacific, seven crew members of a Flying Fortress and their
(Continued on page 46)



Those Legion Homes



Harold Byrd Post of Decatur, Georgia, planned to build a \$50,000 home; stymied by building material restrictions, the Post has acquired a spacious country club estate with a splendid home, 60 acres of ground and all of the club fixings



Fairault (Minnesota) Post has a debt-free home, recently purchased, in the downtown section, used also for a service club



Dorchester Post of Cambridge, Maryland, offers a welcome to all servicemen. This Post has a novel arrangement of its Honor Roll

SOME hundreds of Legion Posts—or maybe it is thousands—are doing their Post postwar planning early. A lot of it has to do with badly needed community service projects; much of it on renewal of programs planned months and years ago. But a great deal has to do with the Posts themselves, particularly with the problem of adequate housing.

Already many Posts are finding themselves cramped by the influx of new members representing the veterans of both wars. A lot of the old files, after dropping out for a few years, are returning to the Legion fold, and a lot who have never been members are coming in with the veterans of the second war. Already the membership rolls of many Posts are lengthening at a rate that promises to completely overflow club and home facilities of many well established units. Already some, as for instance Hollywood (California) Post and that at East Haven, Connecticut, have given their blessing to Posts made up entirely of Second World War veterans and have given the new units complete freedom of occupancy of their splendid homes, with financial assistance in getting started.

Dozens and dozens of Posts have paid themselves out of debt during the past year and numbers have celebrated by holding mortgage-burning ceremonies.

Others, like Fairmont (West Virginia) Post, after living in rented quarters for a quarter of a century, find themselves in position to take on a home of their choosing, and of sufficient size to care for an expanded membership. Fairmont Post put a round \$50,000 into its new home, and it was completely paid for when the place was dedicated on March 26th. "There will be no mortgage to burn," reports Commander Ted Tuerffs.

Scarsdale (New York) Post is seriously concerned. "If the sons of our present members join up when they come home, our membership will be more than doubled," said Commander Glenn





Built to suit the needs of the outfit, Port Clinton (Ohio) Post paid off its debt with a venison dinner

I. Tucker. A postwar planning committee named by him under authority of a Post resolution has for its first concern provision for a clubhouse of such dimensions as will care for the prospective membership for years. That committee has made a survey of the available buildings in the Scarsdale area suitable for club purposes and has also, with the aid of architect members, drawn plans for a new building. But whatever plan is adopted, whether to build when materials become available or to take over a building and remodel it, the committee plans as part of its planning to have it debt-free.

Down at Decatur, Georgia, Harold Byrd Post began to feel growing pains many months ago. The Post drafted ambitious plans for a brand-new building, estimated to cost at least \$50,000, and raised funds for its construction. Stymied by building-material restrictions, and uncertain when such material would be available, the Post looked elsewhere for a home. Early in April Commander R. K. Whiteford announced that the spacious Ingleside Country Club property had been taken over by the Post, with its 60 acres and including clubhouse, nine-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis courts, lake and picnic grounds. What a Legion home will be

awaiting the Decatur boys when they come back from the war!

Harold Byrd Post had its own home in the downtown part of the city, a structure valued at \$7,500 which it had occupied for several years. Other Post building planners may get a good idea of financing from the method devised by the finance committee of this outfit. A considerable sum was raised by a public-subscription project in which a \$25 War Bond made out in the name of the Post entitled a returning service man or woman to a one-year membership in the Legion.

A public spirited citizen and former mayor of Norwich, New York, Frank Zuber, gave Lieutenant Warren E. Eaton Post of his home city its choice of accepting ownership of his spacious family residence or \$10,000 in cash, for the purchase of a Post home. Eaton Post accepted the cash offer and is bargaining for property, more suitable to the purpose, which it expects to take over about September 1st. Legionnaires of Norwich and those who will become Legionnaires on their return to the home sector are thus assured of a modern, well-equipped home through the generosity of former Mayor Zuber.

At Lenoir, North Carolina, Dysart-



A landmark in its home city is the home now occupied by Dysart-Kendall Post of Lenoir, North Carolina

Kendall Post took over a fine old home, one of the city's landmarks, at an original cost of \$7,000. After spending approximately \$2,000 for alterations and remodeling of the new home, now completely free of debt—the mortgage was burned within four months after taking over—the Post is ready to offer a real homecoming welcome to Johnny and Jane when they come back. Not only is Dysart-Kendall Post well housed, but in acquiring the home it earned editorial praise from the local newspaper for making a distinct contribution to its community.

During the years of the depression (remember them?) John Brawley Post of Charleston, West Virginia, took over a five-story business building in the heart of the business section of its home city, at a cost of \$15,000. The space was adequate to care for the needs, club, auditorium and recreation rooms, of the 700-member Post—one time getting into the better than 1,000 class—but with the return of men and women who have served the flag in the present war, the membership started climbing and the Post started looking for something bigger and better. The upshot of it all was that the mid-city property was sold for better than a hundred percent profit, a nice nestegg to apply on the purchase

Here is the old Grange Hall bought by Edward L. Clonan Post of Chadwicks, New York, as it was when taken over



The same building after the 72 members of the Post had completed repairs and applied a bit of paint. Will to do and a little elbow grease worked the transformation

of a more desirable property.

Taking time by the forelock, Faribault (Minnesota) Post acquired a \$28,000 stone building at a mortgage foreclosure in late December, 1942, at a sum far less than the erection cost in 1929. Just one year was required to discharge the debt against the property, and this 215-member unit has a cozy home all ready for the new veterans. Ringing the changes on the time-honored method of disposing of the plaster on the old homestead, Faribault Post held a getting-out-of-debt party when the mortgage, suitably framed, was given a place of honor on the wall along with the charter and citations earned for notable Legion service. At Christmas-time, men and women of the area serving in distant camps and in overseas stations were sent a postcard greeting bearing a picture of the new home.

The limestone building is so constructed that an additional story can be added, but for the present the ground floor and basement suffice. "But we look forward to the need for expansion when our service men come home," writes Past Commander Matt J. Hintsala.

As an example of what a small Post in a small town can do, there's Edward L. Clonan Post of Chadwicks, New York, whose home "before" and "after" is pictured on page 29. This Legion unit of 72 members has its home in a town of 1,500, located six miles from Utica. In addition to making a home for itself, says Commander Earl L. Clifford, it has not slacked in community and war effort, and earned a citation from National Headquarters for having enrolled its full 1944 quota by November 10, 1943. And further, during its present administration, three sets of husbands and wives are holding identical offices in the Post and Auxiliary Unit: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Jones as Historians; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Waddell as Chaplains, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jones as Sergeants-at-Arms.

The Legion homes in the Department of Ohio are distinctive in the national organization. There are many fine homes and a lot of modest ones, each planned to fit the need of the Post, its purse



Santa Ana (California) Post burns mortgage on its home. Department Commander Bill Haughton superintends the burning. Past Commander Eklund holds the paper

and its membership, and as in all other Departments, these homes are usually community centers. There's the new home of Port Clinton Post, within recent weeks cleared of debt, in which the Legion-Auxiliary activities have been moved to the basement and the main floor given over to the Red Cross for making surgical dressings, and for other wartime purposes.

Adjutant R. E. Miller gives a tip on the method of raising the cash to pay off the mortgage—and it's a good one. Commander Carl Heckler with one Legionnaire companion, took himself off to the North Woods during the deer season and brought back a couple of deer. Along in January the Port Clinton Methodist Church opened its doors to the Legion for the purpose of serving a venison dinner—tickets amounting to \$988 were sold, more than double the amount needed to retire the \$450 mortgage when it came due. And that's another way to do it.

Readers of the February number of this indispensable family journal will recall the picture of the statue of Abraham Lincoln which stands in Parliament Square, London, England, with two American soldiers standing at salute before it. One of the soldiers was Sergeant Leroy Morris of Cambridge, Maryland, whose name, undoubtedly, is displayed on the Honor Roll of Dorchester Post of Cambridge, pictured on page 28 of this number. The post home is not a new one; it has been in use for more than ten years as the Legion home for Dorchester County men and women, says Dr. Robert Weygand, Commander. Soon after the current war began, this modest Legion home was converted into a servicemen's club to provide recreational facilities and home-like surround-

ings for servicemen visiting that section of the Eastern Shore of Maryland in which it is located. The arrangement of the Dorchester County Honor Roll on great boards flanking the entrance to the home is a novel and effective method of keeping the service and sacrifice of those who are with the colors fresh in the minds of Legionnaires and the public generally.

The splendid club home of Santa Ana (California) Post was severely damaged by the earthquake of 1933, so much so that it had to be rebuilt, entailing a considerable debt. Now all that old incumbrance has been lifted, the home is free and clear, but it is being used to a considerable extent for war purposes. Occupied by the Radio Production Unit of the Army Air Forces, it is the location from which the Air

Force programs are broadcast weekly, such as "Hello, Mom," and others which are heard over national networks.

Department Commander William P. Haughton, Commander Norman (Pat) Lyons, USNR, member of the National Aeronautics Commission, and other distinguished Legionnaires joined with the Santa Ana members to celebrate the notable achievement of lifting the mortgage. The ceremonies were under the direction of Past Commanders Charles D. Swanner, Arthur Eklund and Walter F. Sorenson, says Commander Albert H. Jones.

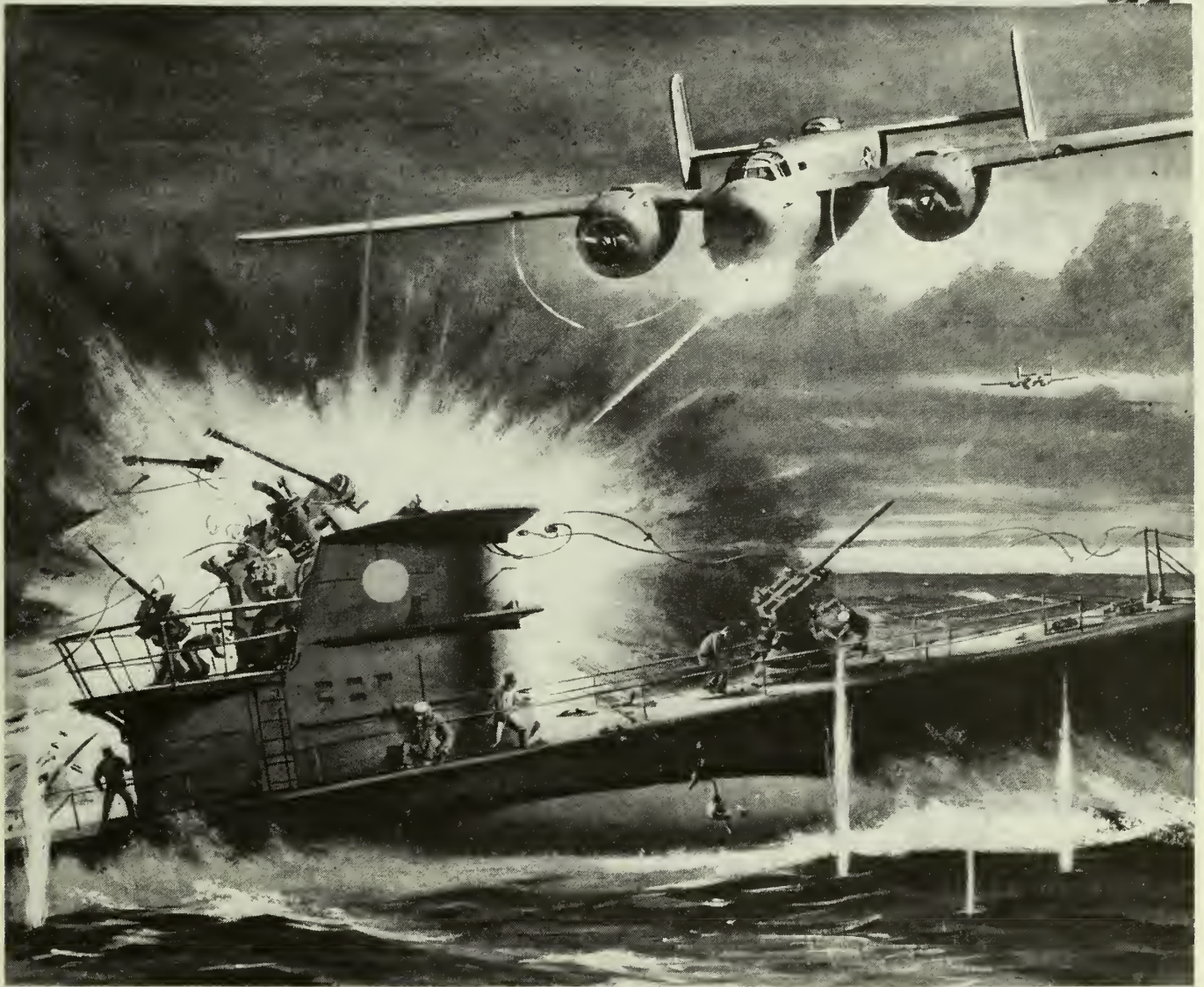
Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post of Leonia, New Jersey, is another unit that, having occupied a comfortable home for twenty years, now finds itself in a home-hunting mood to care for an increasing membership. Orange (New Jersey) Post plans a memorial building. Camp Chase Post of Columbus, Ohio, has launched a movement to erect a memorial building on the site of old Camp Chase, dedicated to the veterans of all wars, after the termination of the current conflict.

A number of "renter" Posts have become home-conscious, and now with a full 12,000 active Posts on the national rolls and more being organized, these Legion homes will increase in number
(Continued on page 46)



"CANNON-PACKIN' BOMBER"

North American "B-25" armed
with 75 mm. cannon



As the first light of dawn paints the South Pacific skies, a Jap submarine rides the surface... recharging its batteries... lurking in wait for its prey. Suddenly, two tiny specks appear on the horizon... grow quickly larger... take the shape of American B-25's. "Crash-dive!" screams the Japanese commander. Too late, though. These are "Flying 75's"—bombers that pack the Fire-Power of 75 mm. cannon, and start throwing high-explosive from thousands of yards away. Now the nose of the first plane blossoms orange flame. It's a near miss... then a glancing hit... then a direct smash on the conning tower. And another Jap submarine will never prowls again!...

IT HAS LONG been a dream of flying men to carry cannon of fieldpiece caliber into aerial combat. Today, thanks to the men of Army Ordnance, and the Air Forces, and American industry, too—that dream has become a reality. 75 mm. cannon are now flown into battle by U. S. bombers—the same size cannon that we at Oldsmobile have long been building for tanks. Other Oldsmobile Fire-Power products include aerial cannon of the fast-firing, automatic type; high velocity cannon for tank destroyers; shell of many types, including those used by the "cannon-packin'" B-25's.

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS!

**HELP KEEP THE
"Flying 75's" Firing!**



If you can't fire these big, high-explosive shell, you can help buy them. Put your dollars in War Bonds and own a share in these weapons. All money will be cheerfully refunded, with interest, after Victory!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

≡ KEEP 'EM FIRING ≡

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Over 5 Pipefuls
a Day...**

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CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc.
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'TENTION, JOE COLLEGE

(Continued from page 15)

tion, take notes. Amazingly, they even like to study.

One morning, from atop the weather bureau, I looked down on lines of men, some in khaki, some still in civilian clothes, notebooks under their arms, standing quietly at attention. They were waiting to go into class. The bright summer sun breaking through the tall elms, glanced off very straight shoulders, lit up strong, bronzed faces, revealed a quiet pride.

My mind, in a quick flashback, saw a yesterday when, from the same place, I had looked down on a group of shuffling, self-conscious boys who had no thought of going to class. It just wasn't done. To be in the swing you must cut. Only drips sat at a desk, listened to the instructor.

In those far-off days the bell was the signal for a mad dash across campus to the Coffee Shop where they sat away the afternoons talking about LIFE and how it rolls down to the sea like a river. Figuratively still in knee pants, shunning responsibility, all convention, they sat and talked about life.

Extra-curricular activities are different too. Radicalism was once the thing. Now it is of the past. If some must be extremists, as always some must be, they sell the Conscientious Objector. Or prate about loudly of their pacifism. 'Twas not so very long ago they were peddling *Daily Workers*. The Trotzkyites and the Marxists were the popular clubs. And away back in 1940 communism was the flag they waved. And peace drives were in vogue. But first aid classes, civilian defense courses, air raid offices, and Red

Cross knitting have first place in 1944. And communism has been practically forgotten. It's definitely an all-out for victory. Let peace come when it will, we want to win this war first.

Where once there were races to see who could dance the longest, who could drink the most, who could be the most daring in petting and necking, we find instead the young people listening to symphonies, attending lectures, actually doing homework. No, I don't mean there is nothing left of jitterbugging, of drinking cokes, of listening to juke box music. There is.

What I am now trying to say is that somewhere along the line the tune has been changed, the record turned over. Something new has been added. It could be a uniform. It could be.

It's because the changes at school are many that you can't help that feeling in your stomach as you look around. You wonder why the intense studying when maybe—. And you remember regretfully, but proudly too, of course, that sixty-one percent of the June graduating class went into the armed forces: sixty-one percent of those who sacrificed and slaved and sweated to finish law, or medicine, or education!

Naturally you want your country to step right up there, to show the Axis a thing or three, and you're glad your school is so important and so fine as to be considered a major part of the effort. But when you know deep inside of you that the whole thing is really so unnecessary, and when you know the inevitable bitter hatred that will come of it, well, then, you're sorry that very young Joe College has to go to war.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GUSSIE

(Continued from page 23)

9th, and the utmost secrecy was strictly enjoined upon all concerned. The value of this precaution was rendered somewhat problematical by the unwonted sight of *Gussie* in broad daylight wheezing up to a wharf near which two companies of infantry were waiting and on whose ancient timbers a large number of boxes of arms and ammunition were ostentatiously piled.*

And the effectiveness of all attempts at mystery still further waned when the troops began to march aboard *Gussie* and it was announced that no less than five newspaper correspondents

would accompany the soldiers! These journalists included the representative of the London *Times*; R. F. Zogbaum, the artist; Poultney Bigelow, in another war to find dubious fame as an intimate of the Kaiser; and star reporters Stephen Bonsal and J. F. J. Archibald. For some unknown reason Richard Harding Davis, without whom no contemporary war was ever considered complete, was not among those present, but his artist-collaborator Frederic Remington drew the scene from the dock.

So much attention naturally upset the temperamental *Gussie*, and that fickle craft refused to budge from her pier at the appointed time. It was not until noon of the following day that the combined cajoleries of her troop commander, her captain, her pilot, her engineer and a few interested parties in distant Washington succeeded in overcoming her maidenly shyness and she

*General Harbord in his book *The American Army in France* tells of a similar happening in 1917. General Pershing's departure for Europe was a closely guarded secret. But when the Pershing party arrived at the New York pier from which their ship was to depart they found that for several days supplies had been accumulating there conspicuously marked "S. S. Baltic, General Pershing's Headquarters."

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Trucks helped make America the best-fed nation on earth—**EVEN IN WAR!**

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Trucks get perishable foods to market faster, fresher. They prevent waste and spoilage . . . overcome shortages quickly . . . save you plenty on good eating! On top of this—trucks haul, for the Services, 11½ billion pounds of Lend-Lease food for our Allies . . . keep our Army and Navy well-fed.

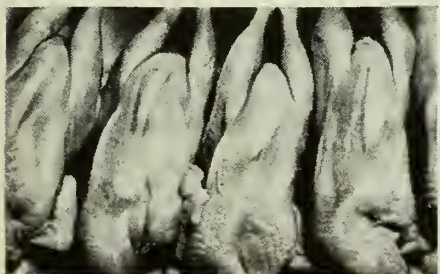
But our vital food and war production will be imperiled—unless obstacles to truck transport are removed soon!



60% **OF THE MEAT**—cattle, hogs, sheep, and lamb—is rushed to stockyards by truck. Truck-hauled livestock loses less weight . . . gives farmer more income . . . lowers prices to you.



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Despite shortages of truck equipment, restrictions on rubber, poor quality gasoline, and manpower difficulties, truck transportation has smashed bottlenecks on food and war production by cutting delivery time in half!

But trucks can't surmount handicaps forever. Only a small fraction of worn-out equipment is replaceable today. Over-worked vehicles often stand idle

for lack of repair parts. Conflicting state regulations, licenses and taxes hamstring truck efficiency. Special taxes on trucks exceed 1⅓ MILLION DOLLARS A DAY. Yet, roads that are inadequately maintained, slow and endanger irreplaceable equipment,

To keep food and war materials moving swiftly, highway transport must be given sufficient new equipment quickly. Highway bottlenecks must be completely erased. Highway Commissions must be given tools, materials and men needed to maintain roads regularly.



THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EVERY MILE FREIGHT TRUCKS ROLL BRINGS VICTORY CLOSER

consented to waddle forth into the sea-way. While this delay was considerably disturbing to the expedition's chiefs, it was not without its usefulness, for it permitted all the neighboring natives to assemble at the wharf with their families and friends to bid the boat bon voyage; a witness of the departure remembers that "everybody in Florida went to see the *Gussie* off!" And just to make sure that no one in the entire country should be excluded from sharing in this national secret, two tugs bearing additional newspapermen convoyed *Gussie* to her rendezvous with the Cuban patriots.

AS the venerable sidewheeler cleared the protection of the Key West peninsula and struck out for her island goal across open water, she ran her blunt bows into the racing waves of a near-hurricane and for the ensuing two days and nights nobody in the party cared whether or not Cuba would ever be free. Then as the wind subsided and the blue mountains of Cuba lifted above the bluer sea, the American gunboats *Wasp* and *Manning* hove in sight to safeguard the landing of the eagerly awaited supplies.

But when the flotilla at last arrived before Mariel the Cuban representatives aboard *Gussie* changed their minds; they were sorry, but certain exigencies of the military situation as they alone understood it made Mariel of all places the most unsuitable for their purpose. Since the party was entirely for the benefit of Cuba, there was nothing for the Americans in charge to do except accede to the Cuban ultimatum. The course was changed, and Captain Dorst not unnaturally asked his allies where they wished him to land, now that Mariel was ruled out?

That was a question for which his allies had no ready answer, and while the subject was debated *Gussie* and her convoy rolled aimlessly along the palm-girt beach, less than a mile from shore. It was hardly to be expected that any Spaniards who were in the neighborhood would miss such an opportunity to harass their new enemies, nor did they.

With a crackling of carbines a troop of Spanish cavalry broke from the jungle and precipitated one of the very few engagements in history between warships and horsemen. While Mauser bullets splashed the water harmlessly about her, *Gussie* disdainfully picked up her skirts and proceeded down the coast, followed by her faithful escorts and outdistancing the impudent cavalymen.

A gap in the long length of dazzling white beach announced a harbor opening and was greeted by shouts of happy Cuban recognition. "Cabanas! Cabanas!"

With heavy deference Captain Dorst inquired if a landing here would quite suit the convenience of his Cuban passengers, but the islanders ignored his

sarcastic solicitude, and assured him that here was the perfect spot for debarking. Awkwardly *Gussie* took up her position about a hundred yards off Arbilos Point, a sandy spit to the west of the harbor entrance; menacingly, the *Wasp* and *Manning* swung behind her; expectantly, the press boats hovered in the background. The stage was set for the final challenge of Spain's centuries-old sovereignty in the New World. But the drama inherent in the occasion was



"I feel so unpatriotic sitting at home doing nothing. I wish I could be a sniper or something."

almost immediately marred by a sudden torrential downpour of rain, during which the Cubans refused to do anything except keep under cover, so everyone else perforce did likewise.

Then the sun reappeared as suddenly as it had vanished and offensive preparations were resumed by all hands. Several Navy vessels, happening by on a coastal patrol, swung inshore to watch the fun, and the first landing parties pushed away from *Gussie's* fat sides to loud cheers and shouts of "*Cuba Libre!*"

The Cuban guides in a small skiff led the initial sortie, but as they immediately got themselves swamped in the surf, their guiding value to the American troops was largely theoretical. Indeed, the two boatloads of blue-clad soldiers that made up the rest of the landing party were paying no attention to anything but the race they were having for the honor of being the first to reach Cuban soil. But just as the Americans were preparing for the final effort of running their craft through the breakers, a great commotion broke out among the press boats. Whistles roared, bells rang, and the two tugs with their reporters yelling and waving, raced inshore as close as they could get to the two army longboats. Because the press had long since proved to be the most dependable source of orders for our armed forces away from home, the soldiers rested on their oars to learn the reason for this sudden interruption of

their hostile efforts: What was the matter? Had Spain given up? Was peace declared? Was the whole party off?

Leaning far over the bow of the leading tug a reporter brandished a megaphone; in the tropic air his words carried clearly to the furthestmost ear strained to catch the import of his obviously important message.

Finally it came. "What is the name of the man in the bow of the first boat?"

He had no megaphone, but the soldier in question made himself heard. "Metzler, E Company, sir!"

Those were his last audible words for the next few moments; hardly had he spoken them when a huge comber came rolling in and incontinently dumped Private Metzler and his E Company comrades into the briny deep. Struggling blasphemously ashore they joined the men of G Company, who had arrived in a more conventional manner, and automatically deployed as skirmishers before the forbidding wall of jungle that faced them across the sand.

Nor were they any too soon, for the green tangle of vines and leaves and branches was abruptly festooned with a red ribbon of fire that marked the hidden position of a Spanish regiment. Dropping full length on the sand the American infantrymen swung their rifles into action, while the company signalmen frantically wigwagged to Old Mother *Gussie*, puffing offshore. Almost at once the rattle of the rifles was echoed by the deeper boom of the guns aboard the *Wasp* and *Manning*; with increasing rapidity their shells whined overhead and exploded in the bushes. The Spanish fire ceased abruptly and when a few adventurous U. S. files sneaked cautiously into the now-silent underbrush they found there only a few bodies of the enemy who had ambushed them; the Americans, strangely enough, escaped unscathed.

THE way was apparently open for landing the insurgents' supplies, and the Cuban guides were recalled from a sheltered location further up the beach, whence they had retired when the firing started. After considerable difficulty the horses of the guides were swung ashore through the surf from the *Gussie*, and the Cubans happily mounted and rode off on a jungle trail to find their rebel compatriots for whom *Gussie's* precious cargo had been brought. The troops, consolidating their position on the beach, sat down to await developments.

After two hours of waiting, Captains Dorst and O'Connell considered the need of waiting any longer; after three hours, they considered the need of not waiting any longer. So they didn't wait, and the disgruntled doughboys piled back into their boats and were pulled back to their faithful *Gussie*, now wal-

(Continued on page 37)

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DEVOTE your vacation
To serving the nation,
No matter how slackers may sneer...

Stay home and refreshen
Some household possession —
The mountains will wait till next year!



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a friend named Sir Walter Raleigh"

Smokes as sweet
as it smells

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"

UNION MADE



THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 4)

THINGS a little tough for you, Mister? We quote a couple of paragraphs here from a copyright story filed at the Anzio beachhead in Italy on Washington's Birthday, by the New York *Herald Tribune's* war correspondent, Homer Bigart, to show you some of your fellow citizens aren't having it too cushy. Telling of the activities of a certain American battalion, Bigart said the men held a vital crossroad for four days and nights during which the Germans, in their attempt to wipe out the beachhead and drive the British and Yanks into the sea, threw everything they had at them. Bigart went on:

"Pinned down in their foxholes, the men had to fight mud and cold as well as Germans. Their feet swelled and cracked; many suffered frostbite.

"One sergeant, a machine gunner, lay in a muddy ditch beside the Via Anziato throughout the long battle. He mowed down forty Germans in one assault. When the battalion was relieved he had to be carried out. His frozen feet will be amputated."

IT'S an old story that few Americans know more of their National Anthem than its first verse. That is unfortunate, for the other verses are excellent, and the final stanza is, in our judgment, the best of all. We are therefore reproducing it here, reminding you that if you would like to hear that verse sung, listen to the Army Hour, broadcast every Sunday afternoon over NBC, ending with—

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall
stand

Between their loved homes and the
war's desolation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the
heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and
preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause
it is just,

And this be our motto: "In God is
our trust."

And the Star-Spangled Banner in tri-
umph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave.

MUCH the same situation exists with regard to *America*, whose last verse, comparatively seldom sung, is a trumpet call of devotion to the Author of all things, but particularly of those which we like to think are basic in our American civilization. And here it is—

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,

To Thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light;

Protect us by Thy might,

Great God, our King.

THE EDITORS

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

THE GLORY THAT WAS GUSSIE

(Continued from page 34)

lowing in the ground swell of a sea that was rapidly increasing in roughness.

For two days more *Gussie* wandered up and down the Cuban coast, trying to keep her date with her Cuban cavaliers. But for once Castilian chivalry was lacking; not to put too fine a point on it, they stood up *Gussie*. What happened to the guides, where they went after leaving the American landing party no one knew and no one knows; *Gussie* went home.

Stealthily, in the ruby rays of a Florida sunrise that gave her the appearance of blushing for shame, *Gussie* slid into her home harbor of Tampa on

May 16th, much as she had left it nearly a week before. The Cuban guides were gone, and the horses of the Cuban guides were gone. But Captain Dorst and Captain O'Connell were still there, and so were the five correspondents, and Companies E and G of the 1st Infantry, and the *Manning* and the *Wasp* and the two press boats.

And, alas, down in *Gussie's* hold, were the arms and ammunition for which the Cubans were so patiently waiting.

Back at his home station, Captain Dorst found official orders promoting him to the rank of major. He had certainly earned it!

LITTLE SHOES

(Continued from page 19)

to the depot to find the trunk amid the piles of baggage, to open it and get the other pair of shoes for the baby to wear home. Somehow the shoe in his pocket symbolized his son who was conquering meningitis. He wanted to take that much of his baby with him. It would help in the days ahead.

When he had put the white shoes on his son, he tossed the remaining khaki-colored one to Willa, saying, "You keep that one, and I'll take this one."

Would the pair of shoes ever get together again?

Then they went to the train. While the lieutenant was busy with his company, his wife and baby waited at a distance from the hurrying men. When the orderly brought a last message from the busy officer to his wife, she cried out, "Oh, bring him back to us." And the orderly promised to do the best he could.

IN the diary of Lieutenant X, written in the front line trenches and dated Oct. 7, 1918, the writer said that one of the men expected to be killed shortly after going over the top next day. Then he continued, "'Art' says the same thing. Said he'd give all he had in this world just to see his wife and baby once more."

Next day, Oct. 8th, the 142d Infantry, 36th Division, went over the top in the gray cold of the dawn and advanced toward St. Etienne. Matheny was leading his men in a flanking movement and was just through the barbed wire when he was stopped. As he raised his head from a shell hole, he was hit by a sniper's bullet and killed.

He was cited for bravery and awarded the French Croix de Guerre, presented posthumously.

Today, the body of First Lieutenant Arthur J. Matheny lies buried in Oak

Park Cemetery at Chandler, Oklahoma; the American Legion Post of his home town bears his name; and in the Methodist Church there is an art window picturing the Good Samaritan, with the following inscription:

In Memory of Lt. Arthur J. Matheny
Killed, Oct. 8, 1918,
St. Etienne, France

There in its place above and back of the Pulpit, I have seen the beautiful memorial window with the sun shining through, whenever I have been present at the services of the church; and there, in the various activities of that church, the community, the school, and the Legion Auxiliary, I have felt the benediction of Willa Matheny's life. Faithfully she carries on the effort to make a better world.

In 1918, after her baby had recovered sufficiently from spinal meningitis, Mrs. Matheny became a teacher in the Chandler school system. For years she attended summer school at Central State College, taught a roomful of little children in winter, and took courses in evening classes. Somehow, she found a way to bring up her boy carefully and, somewhat later, to receive into her home as her own a baby nephew.

When I went to that town in 1934, less than a fortnight after my husband's death, she was among the first to take me in. She knew just how to help most. It was she who invited me to the Armistice Day dinner at the Legion Hut and sent her Bill around for my Calvin. When, last summer, those two boys hurried off to "boot camp" to do their bit in the Second World War, Willa wrote immediately for me to return to Chandler for a visit.

Today, she is teaching her second grade room in Hunter School near her home, although her sons in the service would prefer that she take life a little

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easier. She helps everybody be better, happier, well taken care of. At a Legion party my greatest pleasure was always in watching her move about the rooms: cheering one, asking about an absent friend, seeing that no one was neglected. Busy helping others, she seemed totally unmindful of the homage she received from all: the men who had been her husband's buddies, their wives, the Sons of the Legion, everyone. The Gold Star Mothers adored her, not forgetting that her son had been one of the few Gold Star Babies of the State. And when she cut the cake, as was the custom, the Birthday Party was a success.

She treasures the little shoes which did get together again, and wonders sometimes who found the trench mirror, the little left shoe, and the New Testament on a battlefield in France and sent them to her. Because she is the kind of person who practices the principles taught by the little Book her husband carried, she has become a helpful and most loved woman.

WHEN Battery F of the Oklahoma National Guard left Chandler in September, 1940, for defense training at Fort Sill, the child that had licked meningitis went along as Second Lieu-

tenant Arthur J. Matheny. "Art," as his friends call him, had never ceased fighting for complete recovery. From the time he was old enough to lead out in the struggle to make himself completely fit, he did everything he could to be strong. And although his mother, like most of us mothers, feared and dreaded another war, he perfected his skill in the use of guns while Bill and Calvin idolized him. Now all three of them are somewhere in the armed forces.

Like his father, young Matheny joined the Guard at seventeen. To neither was it just a dollar on drill night; it was an opportunity to get ready to serve his country when the call should come. He felt that he must serve well, that he must keep faith. Matheny men had served as soldiers in all wars as far back as the Revolution, and he was getting ready.

The determination he had shown in his fight for fitness advanced him rapidly to the rank of captain. In 1941 he was united in marriage to Miss Martha Barr, of Chandler. To them, Michael Jarrett was born in service, July 17, 1942.

May there never be occasion for "Little Mike" to step into his father's shoes in a military sense and go away to war.

JOE'S WAR

(Continued from page 13)

ing to yell something; but his head stayed down. So Corp Green, at Joe's left, was in command when they hit the beach.

"Let's get those so-and-so's!" Green squalled. His voice always cracked when he was excited. "You, Bub—and Slim—" He named three more—"let's get those pill-boxes. Use the ol' apples, men! The rest of you dig in..."

The two pill-boxes were only slits under heaps of smoking sand, but they raked the beach, spitting death. Two minutes was all the boys needed to dig in. Joe shifted his rifle and placed two hand grenades in his left hand. He pulled the pin on one, counted two, and pulled the other. He threw the first one, a long, overhand lob, then the second.

Neither were bull's-eyes, but at least they temporarily blinded the monkeys with hurtling sheets of sand, and each split second counted. The Corp at Joe's left and a little behind, was still lumbering along. The Corp's apple had fallen far short, wasted, and the Corp's teeth were bared as he wound up and tossed another. "I better give the Corp a hand," Joe thought, as he counted two.

He lobbed one at the Corp's pill-box and was just winding up to crack his own target when the slugs caught him across the middle, just above his belt: a succession of solid impacts, but fast, like thrumming your fingers over a wash-

board. He got the apple away but couldn't see how it landed, when the sand came up and hit him.

There was a slight depression just above him. He crawled up to it and into it and curled up there. He saw the Corp go by, and tried to yell: "Attaboy, Corp!" but his voice didn't come. His stomach didn't hurt; it just felt sort of tight. There was no feeling in his legs at all. With a tremendous effort, he undid his belt to look at his stomach. His fingers felt wooden. This was what they called shock.

He couldn't see much of his stomach, on account of the blood welling out so fast through the rags and tatters. He cinched up his belt again to hold it in. It wouldn't be long. The stretcher-bearers would follow behind the third wave.

He made himself comfortable, his head on his arm. He couldn't see the monkeys above him, but all of the beach was in view. He could see clear out to the landing-barges. The third wave was coming in, holding their rifles high.

More smoke rolled in, like mist thickening. It hid the third wave, and the sea. But not Slim, Slim wasn't more than thirty feet away, face down, not moving. Those stretcher-bearers had better come in a hurry, if they figured to save old Slim.

Then the stretcher-bearers came out of the mist, trotting along all stooped over, like bird dogs. You had to hand it to



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Complete outfit free. We'll furnish you everything you need to start business—including large samples of hundreds of all-wool fabrics and a fine looking leatherette selling kit. We instruct you exactly how to take correct measurements—we even give you free advertising material. Yes, sir, we'll start you in business without a penny's cost to you. Just write us that you saw the ad in the Legion Magazine, and we'll do the rest.

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those boys. They seemed to know the dead ones at a glance, and they came right by Slim without even pausing. They came on up the slope and laid the stretcher alongside Joe and lifted him on. "It's my stomach," he said. "It doesn't hurt, though. It just feels kind of tight."

"That's fine, buddy," one of them said. "That's fine. You'll get along okay."

"Wait," Joe said. "Take a look at Slim. He's plenty tough." But they hurried right down to the water and out to a Higgins waiting there.

They must have given him something when they got to the ship, because the next thing he knew he was in the big ward in the hospital at Guaddy. He'd been in there once before, visiting a guy, and now he was in this guy's bed. The sheets were clean and the mosquito netting white as snow. He remembered the red-headed nurse, but she didn't remember him. She tried to persuade him to eat, but he wasn't hungry. His stomach still felt sort of tight. It didn't hurt, though. The doctors had sure fixed him up.

It was while he was on the way back that he began to think clearly. Portland was his home town. All he had to do was check in at the veteran's hospital once in a while. . . .

He had no parents waiting for him up in Portland, nor any relatives. Yet it would be fine to see Portland again, just the same. It gave you a sort of glow, when you thought about home. And he had plenty of questions to ask. A lot of things had bothered the boys. They'd want to know the answers, the minute he got back to the outfit.

Like Blackie, for instance, worrying about his girl, Mame. But there were worse things than woman trouble. Strikes, for instance. War contracts. Food profiteering. . . .

They didn't make sense out at Tarawa. Whose war was it, anyway? The boys would want to know all about it when he got back.

WHEN he got to Portland, he started right out hunting up Blackie's Mame. His stomach felt a little tight, but it didn't hurt. He found her at the Lunch Box. She was big and blonde. "My goodness, Joe," she said, pointing to his campaign ribbons, "what does this one mean, and this one? And you were at Tarawa? Wasn't that sort of tough?"

Joe found out that Blackie had been wrong, completely wrong. Mame had been going to the movies and to dances and things, but she hadn't really been stepping out.

"Listen, Joe," she said. "What's war for except to protect things we love? Isn't it *our* war, too?"

Joe nodded, feeling fine. "What'll I tell Blackie, then?"

"Tell all the boys," Mame said, "not

to worry about their women. We *are* waiting for them, like we promised. We're hoping and praying for them, and counting the days until they're back."

Tears were in her eyes and her face was soft. Boy, would Blackie be pleased when he heard that!

But that was nothing compared to what happened at Western Iron & Steel. Joe had worked at Barney's service station near the big gate. A new guy was in charge, so Joe didn't go in; he just waited, leaning against the old loading platform there. It was the men coming off the day shift that Joe wanted to talk to.

Soon they began to pour out the gate. They gathered around him, waiting for the bus. A man started talking to him, then two or three more. Others edged in, making a circle. Soon there were scores, hundreds, it seemed like.

Joe wasn't making a speech. He was just answering questions—about Guaddy and Munda, and the jungle and all like that. How thirsty you got, and what it was like at Tarawa. A man yelled: "Up on the platform, buddy, so we can see you."

They helped him up, and he looked around at the sea of faces. The crowd stretched clear down the street: an ocean of faces upturned to him, grimy and grim. It was worse than the beach at Tarawa. . . . Joe had to go through with it, on account of Slim and Corp Green and old Sarge Crump, beating the water with his one good arm.

Joe tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come. Then a man yelled: "Take it easy, kid. We'll wait." Then Joe could begin.

It was mostly about Tarawa—about the men, not the battle. He told about Sergeant Crump in the water, and Slim, lying there on the sand. And the way Corp Green's voice broke, but Corp had kept on charging up the slope, the last man on his feet. He told about the stretcher-bearers coming through the smoke. . . .

A big man climbed up on the platform and put his hand on Joe's shoulder. Joe could feel it trembling.

"Listen," he said. "My name's Crump. The Sarge was my brother. And I've a son in the Navy. Whose war is this, men? *Whose war?*"

They weren't looking at Joe now, but at the man called Crump. He asked them who would strike again—against their own flesh and blood, when *your* son might be the next one lying on the beach? Whose blood, men? *Whose war?* . . .

The answer roared and thundered in the air; and Joe knew *they all belonged to the unbeatable Corps!*

Joe was thankful they had forgotten him; the fire was kindled and his job was done. . . . It was easy to slip down from the platform and side through the crowd. All he wanted now was to get

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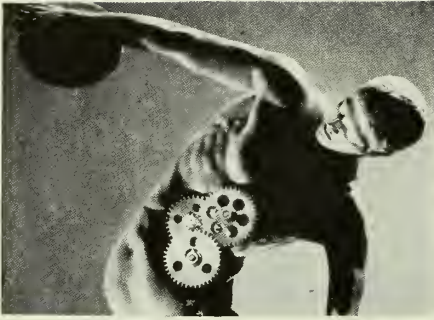
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Copy. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.,
Milwaukee, W'is.

*...none of
the bitterness*



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away where he could be quiet and alone.

He sprawled in the grass up in the ark above the river. The veteran's hospital was still farther up the hill. He'd rest a while, then check in.

Boy, what a day! He didn't have to explore those other questions that had bothered the boys. Mame and those men down yonder had given the answer. They were all headed for the beach together. Look out, monkeys—here we come!

He settled himself more comfortably, his head on his arm, and closed his eyes. It was funny how fast the mist rolled in from the river at near sundown. His stomach didn't feel so tight now. Just relaxed, sort of. . . . Boy, did he have something to tell the guys at Tarawa!

NEVER AGAIN!

(Continued from page 9)

it and that is to tie down the trouble-makers so that they can't tear loose and drench the world in blood again.

It's going to be a tough job and we will have to be tough about it. These enemy nations don't like us very much just now. Just think of how they will feel toward us after we hammer them into submission. Don't make any mistake about it; they'll be just that much more bitter against us for beating them down, and they will be looking for every chance and the first available moment to try the game again. Isn't that what happened after we beat Germany in the last war? As for the Japs, we know what to expect of them if we allow them another chance to flourish the sword of the Samurai.

What's the remedy? Well, I think it's to march in and search every Jap and German and every building and home in Japan and Germany—every nook and corner and cave and hole in the wall—and take away everything in the shape of arms and ammunition and possible war weapons of any kind. Then put inspectors on the job to see that things are kept that way. Sure, it will cost money to keep inspectors

THE stretcher-bearers came through the mist. Many bodies littered the beach. They passed one that was gangling and sprawled face down. A smaller lad lay higher on the slope, in a tiny depression.

They saw he had been dead for hours; he couldn't have lived more than a matter of minutes after the monkeys had mowed him down. His pose was curiously comfortable, his head pillowed on his arm, and he was smiling.

"Imagine that guy," said one of the stretcher-bearers. "Almost shot in two."

The other nodded. "Well, his war's over."

They hurried on. There was plenty of business waiting along the beach.

on the job. But keeping inspectors on the job for a thousand years wouldn't cost as much as one day's fighting in a third world war.

Who would name the inspectors? Who would pay their salaries? Who would inspect the inspectors? Who would take action when the inspectors reported secret stores of arms and ammunition had been uncovered again? Frankly, I don't know. That's not my problem or yours. That's for the "great minds" and the "brass hats" to decide when they sit in judgment after we have beaten Germany and Japan in this war. But you and I know that the answers must be found or two world wars will have been fought in vain and a third one will be inevitable in the not too distant future.

Just one more thing. We didn't have our cities bombed in World War I and we haven't had them bombed in World War II. We have been lucky to that extent. But that luck isn't going to last forever and there are signs in the sky that if we let a third world war break out, we won't have to go overseas to meet it. Give Germany and Japan another chance and they'll deliver it where we live, collect. Let's be sure they don't have that chance.

DEARLY BELOVED

(Continued from page 10)

Lee and I, but only today she reminded me that I had always been the guy."

"And she has always been the girl?" The Chaplain's eyes were gentle.

"Always," Bill said. "We grew up next door to each other, in Dallas."

"I understand," the Chaplain said, "that your original plan was to wait till later on to be married."

"Yes, it was. But Lee wanted it this way. I've always tried to give her what she wanted."

"When did you make the decision to be married now?"

Impatiently, Bill explained. Dallas

was putting on a War Bond drive, a month ago. He had been assigned the part of home town hero, wearing all his ribbons and piloting a bullet-spattered Fort. It was a hell of a mission, but he had no choice. He'd taken Alec along as co-pilot—"I wanted him to know Lee," Bill said. "They got on, too. Clicked from the first minute they met, just the way he and I did." And on the second day Lee had announced that she wanted to be married, instead of waiting. The sooner the better, and certainly before Bill went back on combat duty. "Girls change their minds," Bill said. "That's all."

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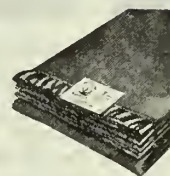
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"I'm afraid," the Chaplain said gently, "that it isn't." He leaned toward Bill. "Lieutenant, were you entirely unaware that your fiancée and Captain Yarnell had fallen rather desperately in love?"

The words vibrated in slow motion. *Unaware . . . your fiancée . . . in love . . .* "But that's not possible!" Bill said. "This is only the second time they ever saw each other!"

"I know. They told me, when they came in here this afternoon. There are no regulations about love—"

Bill sat up. "They came in here this afternoon! What for?"

"To ask me," the Chaplain said, "what they should do about it."

At the first impact of a blow there is no pain, only numbness. Bill asked, with dry lips, "What did you tell them?"

"I advised complete frankness and the postponement of all decisions."

Bill shook his head, to clear it. "But when I met them at the Club—they didn't say a word—what the hell?"

"Don't you see?" the Chaplain said. "You were the problem, and that was the way they decided to solve it. I didn't agree; I tried to dissuade them, and failed. That was why I sent for you."

Bill said, half to himself, "So that was what she meant, we shouldn't have waited—"

The whole picture fell abruptly into place. Why hadn't he seen it? Lee's

jitters today, and Alec's headache. The look on Lee's face at Dallas, when Alec came over to be introduced—in all the years he'd known her, Bill had never seen her look like that. The way they danced together, Lee and Alec, like two people in a dream. And she'd tried to play fair, not to let Bill down—and then he had let her down, today, sending Alec to meet her at the airport—

"Chaplain," he said hoarsely. "You think—it's the real thing?"

"She said," the Chaplain told him, "that she thought she would die, if she had to go on without Alec. And then she said, 'But how can I do a thing like that to Bill?'"

"And—Alec?"

"Captain Yarnell is an officer and a gentleman. And your friend."

Bill nodded. "Thanks, Chaplain. You've been swell. Can I use your phone? I'm calling this wedding off."

The Chaplain pushed the instrument across the desk: "You're pretty swell yourselves, all three of you! Good luck—" and he went out into the Chapel.

This, Bill thought, was going to be tough. Once Lee had made up her mind, it took a blast of dynamite to change her. He stuck out his jaw, picked up the receiver, and asked for the Finches' number.

Lee's voice was steady and sweet. "Hello, Bill. I'm all ready," she said. "Are you—"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "Look, Lee, you don't think you can get away with this do you?"

"What—what are you talking about?" Panic was in her voice.

"I'm talking about you and Alec," Bill said firmly.

After a breathless moment she said, "Who told you? Not Alec!"

"God no! He'd bite his tongue out first. The Chaplain told me, and I'm damn glad he did."

"Oh no, he shouldn't have!" she said.

"Now wait. He was the only honest one of the lot of us."

"That's not true!" When I told you I wanted to marry you. I meant it. I still do. We can make each other happy, Bill, I know we can!"

"That," he said, "is not the point. We're putting this whole thing off till we have a chance to think it over."

"But there's no time!" she said.

"There's all the time there ever was," he told her. "Lee, what matters is you and Alec. I'm not important."

Again she was silent for a moment. Then she said, very low, "But, Bill, don't you see? It's Alec. He says he'd rather shoot himself than take me away from you now. That's why I went to the Chaplain. I thought he could help, and he tried to. But Alec—"

The only reason Bill was still alive, after a year up and down over the Pacific, was that he had learned to

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make split-second decisions. Now, he stood up, gripping the telephone, and spoke quickly. "Lee, tell me straight. If you hadn't been engaged to me, would it have been Alec, all the way, with you?"

She caught her breath. "I—I guess so, Bill. But we *are* engaged. And I never knew anybody could be as loyal as Alec is to you!"

"Listen," Bill said. "Will you promise me one thing?"

"Anything, except to put off the wedding."

"Okay. Just promise that no matter what happens, you'll play ball."

"I don't understand," she said.

"You don't have to—just promise!"

"Of course I promise! I'll play ball. But what—"

"Never mind," he said. "I'll see you at the Chapel."

He was wiping the sweat from his forehead when the Chaplain came back. Bill said, "The wedding goes on. But it's going to be all right."

The Chaplain opened his mouth like a fish. "But how—"

Bill grabbed his cap. "Eight o'clock, and don't be surprised at anything you see. I've got to scramble." At the door he turned back. "A spot of praying might not be a bad idea," he said.

"That has already been attended to," the Chaplain said.

Bill scrambled. He had showered and changed when Alec turned up in his swanks, still looking like twenty hells, but smiling and steady. They closed the bags, put them in the car, and drove down to the Chapel in almost complete silence. Bill saw with a shock that the seats were filled—the student class had turned out in full force to see him married!

It felt good; they were a sort of

brotherhood, he thought. The mystic order of skywinders. They all wore wings; that was the secret sign. Alec wore wings—Bill looked at him, standing there tall and straight in his pale gold uniform, talking casually with the Chaplain. The swellest guy on earth, Alec. Then the little organ started thumping out the wedding march.

Bill stood tensely with Alec beside the altar steps and watched Lee coming up the aisle on the Major's arm between the solid ranks of hard young faces, all turned to look at her. She was perfectly composed, in her white suit and hat, carrying the red roses of the Army bride. But just as she reached the steps Bill saw her lift her face and look at Alec. There it was again—the look that transfigured Lee into a stranger.

Now.

He gripped Alec's arm. "Give me the ring!"

Astonished, Alec obeyed. The Chaplain, catching Bill's eye, lowered his book and waited. Bill said to Alec in a quick, urgent whisper, "You're marrying her, not me. She knows, we all know, and everything's all right. Get over there before I have to shove you!"

Their eyes clashed. Bill summoned every ounce of will that he possessed, and after a few seconds that seemed like eternity, Alec's brown eyes melted. He smiled, and put his hand on Bill's for an instant. Bill let his breath out in a sigh; he'd made it. Mission completed, target squarely hit. And as Alec moved over and took his place by Lee, Bill was suddenly inexplicably happy.

The Chaplain lifted his hand in an odd half-gesture of benediction, smiled directly at Bill, and began. Bill's lips joined silently with his in the opening words—"Dearly beloved—"

LET'S GO, KIDS!

(Continued from page 24)

this permanent farm army of 8,000,000 workers will have to get extra help if they are to get the food production job done.

Where is this extra labor coming from?

Of the four million workers that will be needed this year, probably half will be youth and women. About 900,000 boys and girls helped out on farms last year, many of them youngsters who normally do not do farm work. The goal for youth this year has been set at 1,200,000 for the nation.

For a moment, let us look at the evidence of the magnitude of youth's part in making the 1943 food production record possible. Reports from all over the country recite the contribution these inexperienced youth made to war food production. Here are a few random examples of their accomplishments:

Shocked 110,000 acres of grain (Nebraska); thinned, hoed, and harvested 18,000 acres of sugar beets (Utah); picked 620,000 bales of cotton (Mississippi); detasseled 7,160 acres of hybrid corn (Indiana); picked 90,000 bushels of tomatoes (Louisiana); harvested 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes (Maine); detasseled 44,000 acres of hybrid corn (Iowa); picked 150,000 tons of fresh grapes (California).

Seasonal workers were not only useful in harvesting beans, tomatoes, lettuce, and other vegetables during the peak load, but they also assisted in planting and hoeing.

They topped onions throughout the Midwest, shocked wheat in North Dakota, picked cotton and shook peanuts in the South, picked potatoes in Maine, picked, graded, and packed apples, peaches, grapes, and other fruits, and nuts on the West Coast.

Most of them were inexperienced in farm work, but their cheerful spirit, their eagerness to learn, their willingness to work hard, won the respect of the farmers who employed them.

This year—just like last—the farmers of America are depending on the help of able-bodied boys and girls in cities and towns—your sons and your daughters! Remember that non-farm youth comprised one of the most important sources of inexperienced farm labor available in 1943. This year their numbers must be increased!

The youth section of the United States Crop Corps is the VICTORY FARM VOLUNTEERS. Although farm youth is eligible for membership in the VFV, the program is designed primarily to utilize urban youth under 18 years of age. It was developed in coöperation with the United States Office of Education and the public schools. The farm labor program is being administered through the Extension Services, working with the United States Employment Service.

Coöperation of the schools has been excellent, particularly in recruiting, selecting, and training.

VICTORY FARM VOLUNTEERS will be recruited throughout the various States to aid in the planting, cultivation, and harvesting of crops, and in performing sundry farm tasks. They will be healthy young folks, 14 years of age and older, able to stand farm work, who realize that they have the opportunity to render a patriotic service that has not come to many boys and girls of past generations.

In general, youth who will volunteer for the job of helping out on the farms of America during 1944 will be composed of two classes:

1. Those who live with a farm family during the summer and who will do general farm work—such as milking cows, feeding livestock, keeping production records on cows and hens, gathering, candling, and packing eggs, and the like.

2. Those who will live at home and will travel to farms in the immediate area to do such particular jobs as picking berries, harvesting, digging potatoes, picking apples, and the like. Special efforts will be made to place these volunteers on farms near their homes.

All workers will be paid the prevailing wage for the locality, with the experience and skill of the worker being considered. They will be paid by the farmer.

Fathers—and mothers—of American teen-age youth, don't let your country down; help it solve its farm labor problem! Your community, your county—your state, and your nation—yes, even the hungry people of Europe—will recognize and be grateful for your help.

This is a great challenge—fathers and mothers of wartime America—but a greater opportunity! Think it over, won't you?

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DOG TAG DOINGS

(Continued from page 27)

ship, the *San Antonio Rose*, were unexpectedly reunited at Amarillo Army Air Field recently.

These aerial gunners and engineers who saw the Pacific warfare at its worst—the gunners being credited with having shot down at least fifteen Jap Zeroes—and who wear numerous service medals and citations, felt mixed emotions when they found their ship in the scrap heap at this field.

The flyers were returned to the States and assigned as instructors for crewmen and mechanics who will take their places on farflung airfields to keep the giant B-17's flying. The *Rose*, likewise having completed her missions, was returned to the field, and shorn of her wings and landing gear, she now is serving in instructional capacities.

Staff Sergeant Theo. Davies, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, engineer and gunner on the *Rose* long enough to have won an Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross, said: "I had gone to the sub-depot for parts for another plane when I discovered our old ship. I got Staff Sergeant John P. Snowden of Kenbridge, Virginia, also a former crew member, and together we were positive when we learned the ship had been with the 13th Air Force and bore the number of our heavy bomber squadron."

And the old Fort corroborates the stories of her crewmen because she displays fifteen small "Rising Suns," indicating the number of Jap planes shot down. Nearby appear many bombs indicating the number of combat missions. Tech. Sergeant Ronald A. Wright of Denver, Colorado, estimates about seventy-five combat missions and he was on fifty-four of them. He was with the original crew and as engineer and gunner spent thirteen months in the Fiji Islands, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, New Zealand and Guadalcanal.

The remainder of the crew's veter-

ans are: S/Sergeant Thomas L. Johnson of Fort Ogden, Florida, T/Sergeant John R. Garbutt of Dallas, Pennsylvania, Sergeant Arthur Zeimer of St. Louis, Missouri, and S/Sergeant Robert J. Knapp of Racine, Wisconsin. Their pilot had been Captain John H. Pitts of Phoenix, Arizona, known as the "Minstrel Boy of the South Pacific."

Strangely enough, the *San Antonio Rose* was named by a Tennessean. M/Sergeant Carlos F. McQuiston, who acquired a love for Texas when stationed at Randolph Field near San Antonio.

REGRETFULLY, our introduction of two new gag cartoonists-in-uniform whose work appears in this department must be very brief:

Sergeant Dick Eriscon, Ft. Totten, New York, invalidated from his job as Army ski instructor at Camp Hale, Colorado, in the Rockies. A beautiful wife and two handsome sons—one of the latter, a Junior, the other William F. Eriscon II, named for his father's brother, a Marine Corps fighter pilot prior to his death last October. The sergeant's father, an ex-Marine and C. A. C. officer. Birthplace, Staten Island, New York.

PFC Edward W. (Kit) Kramar, Baltimore (Maryland) born, where he attended Polytechnic Institute, but switched from engineering to art and music. Maryland Institute of Fine Arts—voice and piano study not too serious. Commercial artist on the *Baltimore Sun*, the theater for a half-dozen years, back to commercial art. September, 1942, into uniform and through AAF Training Films, Washington, received assignment to make preliminary sketches and layouts for technical training films at Sheppard Field, Texas.

JOHN J. NOLL

The Company Clerk

THOSE LEGION HOMES

(Continued from page 30)

as the Post postwar planners get down to business in earnest.

Making a Record

MEDFORD (Massachusetts) Post, through its activities, has been consistently keeping a place in the news columns of the Boston papers. It follows as a corollary that newspapers do not bother to chronicle the doings of a dead unit; so when the clipping service sends in a sheaf taken from six consecutive Sunday issues of the *Boston Post*, the Stepkeeper wanted to know what it was all about. Medford Post, says Commander Frank Brown, has raised its 1944 membership to 515; has \$15,000 in War Bonds tucked away in the strong box; has a squadron of 150 members of Sons

of the Legion, and a Junior Baseball team which, Medford Legionnaires hope will do as well as their 1939 team, which brought the Eastern championship to the home town. In addition the Post and its members have been active in war work, taking part in all drives, whether for paper salvage or the sale of War Bonds, and will sponsor three boys at the Massachusetts Boys' State.

Induction and Installation

THE champion ritual team of Naval Post of Chicago, though it has been initiating new members and installing officers regularly for eight and one-half years, had a new job cut out for it recently. The team was called upon to initiate the entire membership of a new Post and to install the officers at the




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same ceremony. Wonder if any other ritual team has done this?

The new Legion unit was one organized at Zion, Illinois, named Zion-Benton Post, made up of exactly forty members, of whom seven are veterans of the Second World War. William H. Jones is Commander. **BOYD B. STUTLER**

BOOKS RECEIVED

AS a service to the men and women now in uniform and to their families, as well as to the Legionnaires who want to keep advised of this global war, we will list in this column all new books pertaining to the present war (except fiction and verse) that are sent to our offices by their publishers. All such books will be added to the reference library of the Legion Magazine which comprises one of the most complete First World War libraries in the country.

THE FRENCH COLONIES—past and future, by Jacques Stern, Didier, Publishers, 660 Madison Ave., New York 21. \$3.00

TROPICAL NURSING by A. L. Gregg, M.D., M. Ch., D. T. M. & H. Lond. Philosophical Library, 15 E. 40th St., New York. \$3.00

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH by Michael Stern. Robert M. McBride & Co., 116 E. 16th St., New York. \$2.75

WHEN I COME BACK by Frank R. Adams. Robert M. McBride & Co., 116 E. 16th St., New York 3. \$2.50

WAR CRIMINALS AND PUNISHMENT by George Creel. Robert M. McBride & Co., 116 E. 16th St., New York 3. \$3.00

FRANCE IN SUNSHINE by Tryphosa Bates-Batcheller. Brentano's, New York City. \$2.50

The following books are all published or distributed by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York: INDIA AGAINST THE STORM by Post Wheeler. \$3.50

UNDER COVER (Nazi Underworld of America) by John Roy Carlson. \$3.50

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OUTFIT NOTICES

SPACE restrictions permit us at present to publish only announcements of scheduled reunions. Let us hope before long we can resume the general service to veterans' organizations that this magazine has always rendered.

Details of the following reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

33d DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., June 9-10. Geo. D. Radcliffe, secy., Morrison Hotel, Chicago 2.

RAINBOW (42d) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Ill., July 13-15. Frank E. Gould, chmn., 6 N. Michigan av., Chicago.

310TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Syracuse, N. Y., July 29-30. For details, John P. Riley, secy., 151 Wendell St., Providence, R. I.

CO. A, 314th AMMUN. TRN.—Annual picnic, Antelope Park, Lincoln, Nebr., Sun., June 4. Jos. Jenny, secy., Malmo, Nebr.

Co. M, 126TH INF.—Reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., June 10. Walter McVeigh, 1010 Elliott St., SE, Grand Rapids.

AIR SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual meeting, Hotel Kenmore, Boston, Mass., June 25. J. E. Jennings, natl. adjt., 634 19th St., Denver 2, Colo.

282d AERO SQDRN.—5th reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, July 29-30. Wm. W. Boyle, 153 1/2 Third St., NW, Barborton, Ohio.

415TH R.R. TEL. BN.—Meeting, Howard Ures Ship, 1765 Howard Ave., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 17. J. J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell St., Chicago.

BASE HOSP., CAMP UPTON, VETS.—Reunion, Hotel Taft, New York City, June 3-4. Dr. David Coyne, 600 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—25th USAAC convention, Philadelphia, Pa., July 15. Wilbur P. Hunter, 5321 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, 39.

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address **Frontier Asthma Co.** 450-M Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Men and Women, 18 to 50
Many Swedish Massage graduates make \$50, \$75 or even more per week. Large full time incomes from doctors, hospitals, sanatoriums, clubs or private practice. Others make good money in spare time. You can win independence and prepare for future security by training at home and qualifying for Diplomata, Anatomy Charts and 32-page Illustrated book FREE—Now! **THE College of Swedish Massage** Dept. A75, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11

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MOTHERSILL'S AIRSICK REMEDY
...Helps to control organs of balance.
Quiets the nerves.
THE WORLD OVER

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
FINANCIAL STATEMENT
March 31, 1944

Assets	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$1,077,404.83
Accounts Receivable	96,485.21
Inventories	143,381.20
Invested funds	3,151,073.76
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	226,186.47
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	121,142.64
Furniture, fixtures, and equipment, less depreciation	48,109.86
Deferred charges	62,366.62
	\$4,926,150.59

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth	
Current Liabilities	\$ 111,215.64
Funds restricted as to use.....	42,954.37
Deferred revenue	697,456.10
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	226,186.47
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital	\$3,107,277.21
Unrestricted Capital ..	741,050.80
	\$3,848,328.01
	\$4,926,150.59

DONALD G. GLASCOFF,
National Adjutant

PULVEX FLEA POWDER
Kills fleas
JUST APPLY TO ONE SPOT **25¢ AND 50¢**

Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat

Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step
Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning... aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

BACKING UP THE FBI

(Continued from page 21)

flecting that a prominent doctor enjoying a fine reputation had been administering medicines to Selective Service registrants so that they would be rejected at the Army Induction Center. The Commander of a Legion Post was able to furnish information completely exonerating the doctor.

Since Pearl Harbor over 15,000 alien enemies have been taken into custody by the FBI with the coöperation of local law enforcement officers. Approximately one-third of this number have been interned.

Major sabotage and espionage investigations of the FBI have been facilitated greatly through the coöperation of citizens who in many instances are Legionnaires. In California several members of the Legion furnished helpful information in the Roedel sabotage case. Heinrich Roedel, a German alien of many aliases who joined the Nautical Storm Troopers in 1933, attempted to burn a huge pile of lumber at the Richmond Shipbuilding Corporation in Richmond, California, during July, 1942. He escaped after being disarmed by a guard, but was later arrested and sentenced to serve a long prison term.

In the Detroit spy ring involving Grace Buchanan-Dineen and seven others a Legionnaire furnished information which made possible a close and suc-

cessful surveillance of Walter Abt, who pleaded guilty in the case.

The FBI received similar aid in uncovering the spy ring of Kurt Frederick Ludwig, who with his eight cohorts received sentences totaling 132 years during the spring of 1942. A Legionnaire who owned the garage where Ludwig parked his car coöperated with the FBI by advising of the spy's movements in advance and this made it possible for the special agents to watch him all the more closely.

In numerous cases of frauds against the Government or theft of government property, invaluable assistance has been furnished the FBI by the public. In Rhode Island last summer an individual reported that one-hundred-octane aviation gasoline was being purchased from soldiers at an airfield. Based on this initial information, an investigation was conducted by the FBI which revealed the theft of gasoline by thirty-five soldiers and civilians at the field. All were tried before a special court-martial by the Army and were sentenced to serve from one to two months at hard labor, and received pay deductions ranging from \$15 to \$132. Where possible, the soldiers were also reduced to the rank of private. The original informant is a member of the Legion.

In many other ways we have been assisted by members of the Legion.

DOUGHBOY'S GENERAL

(Continued from page 16)

At any time, to transport 50,000 men, 10,000 vehicles and enormous supplies is a difficult job. Properly spread out along highways this host would cover 400 miles of road. To dodge the German reconnaissance planes, such a movement could be made only at night.

Nor was this all of the headache. The roads Bradley had to use for his south-to-north movement cut squarely across the east-and-west roads that supplied the British First Army in central Tunisia. If Bradley's vehicles blocked these roads, even for a few hours, the result might be critical. And if there were traffic jams the German reconnaissance planes would spot them and suspect what was up.

The Second Corps' move therefore had to be timed to the split second. It was. It not only avoided detection by the Germans, but it did not interrupt for a single minute the flow of supplies to the British. Eisenhower thought so well of the maneuver that he awarded Bradley the Distinguished Service Medal.

Less than six weeks later, Bradley gave the Germans a second jolt. The key to the German defense of Bizerte was Hill 609, a 2000-foot mountain which dominated the country for miles around. The Germans had garrisoned it

with crack troops of the Hermann Göring Division, protecting them on the flank with the Barenthin parachute regiment, some of the best troops the Americans had encountered.

The 34th Division tried to storm 609 and was hurled back. On the right the First Division tried to advance and was stopped in its tracks by flanking fire from 609. The First Armored Division was held up in the rear, unable to go ahead until this peak had been seized and its anti-tank guns knocked out. Bradley saw the problem clearly: If 609 fell, then all the high ground overlooking the Mateur road would come into American hands and the whole German position would collapse. Bizerte would be surrounded and bagged. The Americans had to take 609.

Bradley made a personal survey of Hill 609 in his jeep. He found that the Germans had pulled most of their anti-tank guns south to meet the British threat. It was not tank country, but Bradley threw in ten American Sherman tanks around behind 609, athwart the defenders' supply lines, timing this superbly with an attack by the 34th Division. The fighting was savage; but Hill 609 fell. The First Armored Division crashed through, and ran wild on the flatlands

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"seals as it closes"

A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut.

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AIR-TITE
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Enjoy the last pipeful as much as the first . . . thanks to the patented Rogers Air-Tite inner Pouch. The secret is in the construction illustrated. Rogers Air-Tite Pouches are beautifully made in the finest leathers, in standard and in combination models to hold pipes as well as tobacco. At better shops everywhere.

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ATHLETE'S FOOT



Doctor's Famous Prescription Acts Quickly

Athlete's Foot is a stubborn, tormenting skin infection which calls for treatment with a recognized *specific*.

Using Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX—the original formula developed by this noted authority on diseases and deformities of the feet—is amazingly effective in FIVE highly important ways:

- (1) To immediately relieve intense itching
- (2) To quickly kill the fungi on contact
- (3) To make perspiration conditions of the feet less favorable to attack of the fungi
- (4) To help prevent infection from spreading
- (5) To aid quick healing

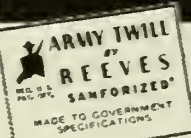
So, at the first sign of itching, cracked, peeling, blistered or raw skin between the toes, or on the feet, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (Liquid or Ointment). You'll marvel how promptly and effectively it produces good results. Only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores everywhere. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX!

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make strong, sturdy
UNIFORMS...WORK AND SPORT CLOTHES



Specify Reeves Army Twill of which the U. S. Army has already bought eighty million yards. Also demand Glengarry Poplin for matching shirts. Both fabrics are Sanforized*

See your dealer for uniforms, work or sport clothes made from Reeves Fabrics, or write to:

*Fabric shrinkage not more than 1% (U. S. Government test CCC-1-191-1)

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PULVEX Combination Treatment WORM CAPSULES

Expel
TAPE, ROUND (Ascarid),
HOOK AND WHIP WORMS 50¢

beyond. Seven days later the whole German army collapsed and 37,000, cut off by Bradley's tactical stroke, surrendered.

A magnificent sense of timing is part of Bradley's tactical genius. As he says, "A good move isn't worth anything if you do it at the wrong time." He proved that twice in Sicily in the final stages of the drive toward Messina. Troina perches on a mountain peak in central Sicily like a cherry on an ice cream sundae. Both Patton and Bradley declared it to be the greatest natural fortress they had ever seen. Bradley brought up plenty of big guns and asked the Air Force to pour on the dive-bombers. Elements of the First Division attacked after this pounding—and the Germans drove them back. Three times the Americans threw more dive-bombers and more big howitzer shells at Troina, until it seemed as if nothing could still be alive there. And three times the Germans came out of their holes and poured down a withering fire on our infantry.

"Some generals might have figured to take 30 percent casualties and assault anyway," says Bradley. "My thought is always to work around, using our forces like a crow-bar, wedging and levering until we maneuver the enemy out."

However, these tactics didn't seem to work. Everybody was worried. Bradley himself said, "We'll have to try something else."

Bradley is a great student of maps, and he now examined his terrain drawings with extraordinary care. That night he sent a battalion through twisting and turning ravines and up a fold in the ground which the Germans had overlooked—but which he had spotted. The battalion overran 12 German 88-mm. cannon before the crews could fire a shot or smash the breechblocks. This rear attack was timed perfectly with a feint from the front—and Troina fell.

This sort of timing gets results with low casualties. Bradley demonstrated its value again in north Sicily. The road between Palermo and Messina, the only paved east-and-west highway, hangs desperately to steep slopes where rugged mountains come down to dip their toes in the Tyrrhenian Sea. The enemy held the high ground and could shell every square foot of the highway.

General Patton, commanding the Seventh Army, ordered an amphibious attack. A reinforced battalion of the Third Division was to take to the sea, go east along the coast, land behind the German lines and seize the road—thereby blocking the enemy's retreat. Patton left the details to Bradley.

Such a move could be a boomerang, if not timed correctly. The battalion, instead of holding the road, might be surrounded and destroyed. What was needed was another battalion in position to fight down the slopes, make contact and close the bag. So Bradley kept postponing the amphibious maneuver until the Third

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

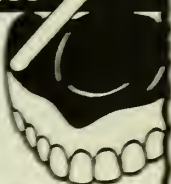
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Soften DENTYLITE by warming—spread it on your plate—put in mouth and bite to make a perfect impression. Remove plate—and allow few minutes to "set". You get an absolutely perfect fit. Sore gums vanish—no more slipping or loose teeth. DENTYLITE is firm but resilient. Each lining lasts for months. Immediately removable with fingers. Full size jar—year's undreamed-of comfort per plate, postpaid only.



\$1 Send dollar bill at our risk. Easy to order. Easy to use.

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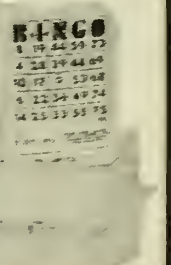
On Feet For Over 30 Years

Allen's Foot-Ease has been bringing relief and comfort to tired, burning feet for over 30 years. Sprinkle it on your feet and into your shoes, and enjoy the refreshing comfort it brings while you stand long hours at your work. Even stiff, heavy, new or tight-fitting shoes lose their terror when you use Allen's Foot-Ease. But good old Allen's does even more. It acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents offensive foot odors. Helps keep feet socks and stockings dry and sweet. For real foot comfort, remember it's Allen's Foot-Ease you want. At your druggist.

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Division had captured high ground and could charge down behind the Germans.

Then, one night, the amphibious contingent shoved off. It landed under the protection of Navy gunfire and seized the road. It captured ten heavy guns, 1000 Italians and 200 Germans. American losses were less than 25 men. After that, Bradley was a marked man at Allied Force Headquarters.

Bradley was by now deep in the affections of the men. One day, coming upon a footsore, weary soldier who was lost and looking for his outfit, Bradley picked him up. The general took the private to headquarters, saw that he was fed and had a good night's rest, and then sent him on in his own official jeep to his outfit. He would often stop and watch engineers removing mines and compliment them on their speed and skill.

His dusty jeep with its three white stars on a red field on the bumper was a familiar sight up front where the shooting was. One time when he got a little in front of the front a sniper took a shot at him. His driver hastily stopped the jeep and Bradley unslung his carbine and began stalking the sniper. The latter, however, escaped, and the story went around of the general stalking on hands and knees and then failing in his one chance to bag a German.

Omar Bradley leads with a calm voice and a minimum of gestures. He is what the soldiers call a "quiet operator." Homely simplicity marks everything about him. He leans to such phrases as "fightin' to beat the band." He avoids fancy uniforms, and never flies his three-star flag at his headquarters except on formal occasions. Once, spending the night in the field, he asked for a shovel to level a place for his cot. An aide offered to do the job. Bradley said, "I'm going to sleep here, not you," and got to work with the shovel.

Despite the fact that Bradley is miserly with lives in leading to battle, he has the spiritual courage to accept losses among his men when he must. "You don't sleep well when you have to make a decision that will cost the lives of grand young fellows," he says, "but we can't avoid *some* loss of life. I can stand it better perhaps than some of the younger men because I've spent 30 years preparing my mind to accept it."

Beneath Bradley's gentle, polite exterior is a tremendous aggressive spirit. He was along in years when he took up golf, but soon managed to play in the 70's. Men who have played with him say, "When he's down and the going's tough, watch out. Then's when he really plays." His poker game is bad news to many who have tried to read his good-humored, blank expression.

This is how the average GI sums up Bradley: "He's great because when he goes into a huddle with himself he's thinking of how to make it easier for us. That's why he's a doughboy's general."

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WAR
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Fast Becoming
AMERICA'S NEW
FAVORITE



Never sharp...Never bitter
...Always mellow
Good Taste

Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. In our 93rd year



PAZO RELIEVES THE TORTURE OF SIMPLE PILES



I'M SO THANKFUL, PAZO BROUGHT RELIEF FROM PAIN



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

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If your address has been changed since paying your 1944 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department. The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. Also tell your Post Adjutant what you are doing.

GIVE ALL INFORMATION BELOW

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Name
(Please Print)

Street Address, etc.

City

State

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City

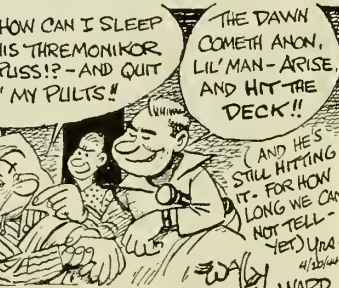
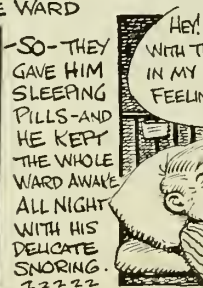
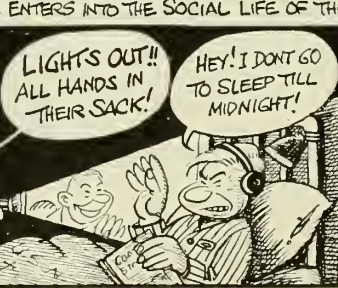
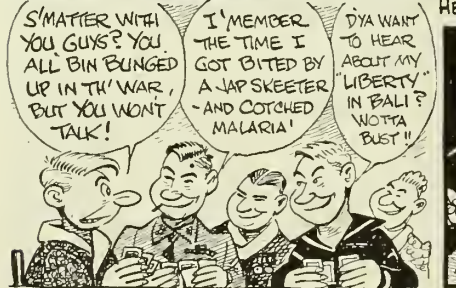
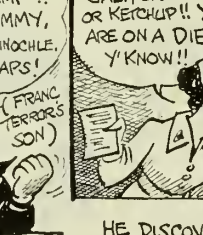
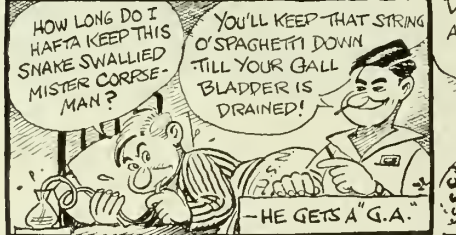
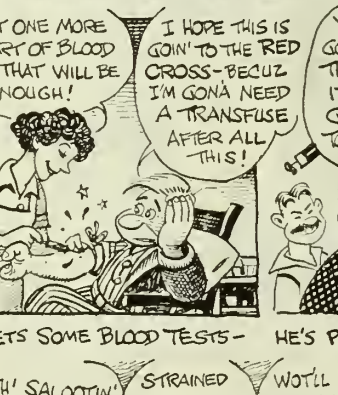
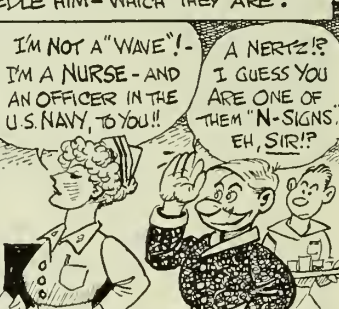
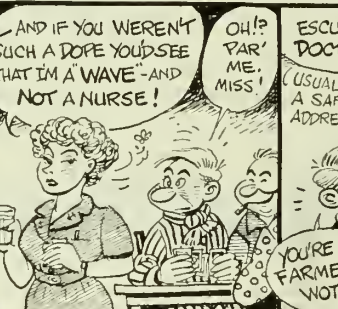
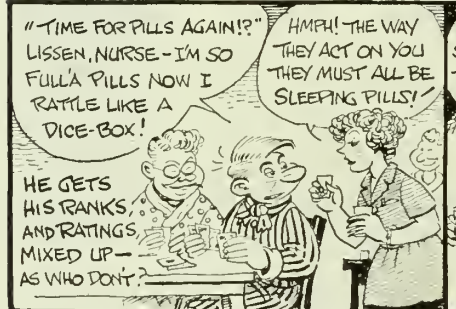
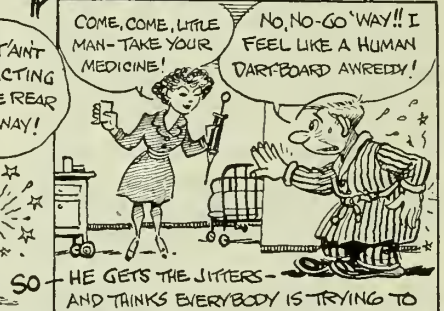
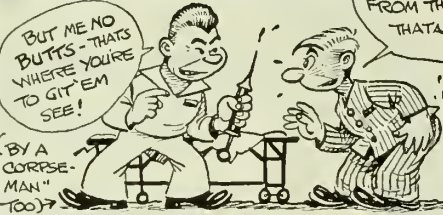
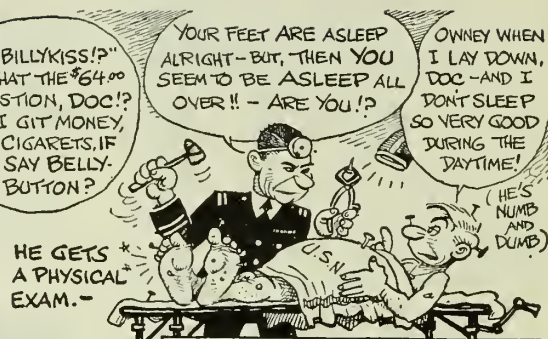
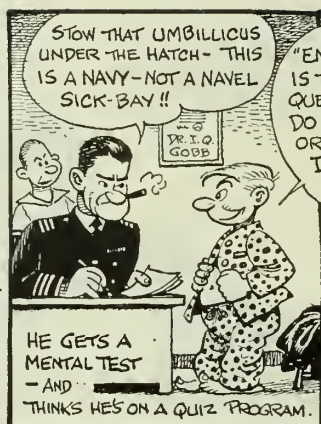
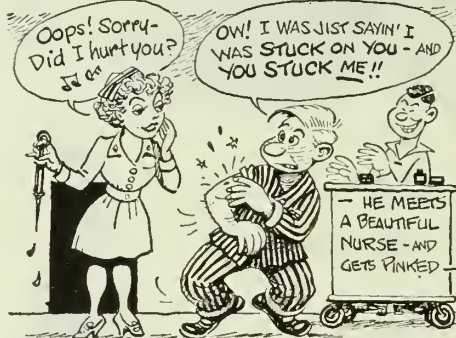
State

HOOSEGOW HERMAN- "HOSPITALIZED"...

IN A U.S. NAVAL HOSPITAL.

HOW HE GOT IN IN THE FIRST PLACE MUST REMAIN A MILITARY SECRET OF THIS WAR - BUT, ALL SIGNS POINT TO HIS BEING AN "A NO. 1 - GOLDBRICK."

(T'ENNY RATE HE'S BEEN A PURTY PATIENT PATIENT, SO FAR)



HE "TRIES" TO SWAP WAR EXPERIENCES.

EARLY TO BED - "TAPS" AT 9 P.M. - THEN - COMES "REVEILLE" AT 6 A.M.

"BEAR DOWN, MISTER... BEAR DOWN!"

I don't have to look at her . . .

I don't have to watch my ship die . . .

All my life long I'll see her in my mind's eye . . .

And always I'll hear the high, faint roar of planes circling . . . circling . . . circling . . . as their gas runs low and they've nowhere to go and the guys at the sticks look down on their ship and tears spill over the lids of their eyes and they stiffen their lips.

Ever lose *your* ship, Mister?

Ever lose your mother?

Ever lose your girl?

Your heart cracks and the weight on your back seems to push you under and you think you'll drown but you don't. You carry on, not for yourself but for the rest of the folks . . . for the family . . . the kids . . . for guys like these swimming around, circling around with night coming on and no ship to come home to and around and below only the empty sea.

But we don't want pity!

We'll come through! . . . We'll find another ship! . . . We'll get back! . . . Because we're *free* men, born to be on our own . . . brought up to fight on a team or alone . . . trained to *live* for our country, not to give up and die!

So, bear down, Mister . . . bear down . . .

For every drop of blood they spill . . . for every heart they break . . . for every tear that's shed . . . for every ship that's sunk . . . for every plane it costs . . . for every man of ours who's lost . . . they'll pay with ten of their own!

Bear down, Mister . . . bear down . . .

So the freedom we want . . .

So the futures we want . . .

So the country we want . . .

Will be there when we get back!

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building Pratt & Whitney engines for the Navy's Vought Corsairs and Grumman Hellcats . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters. All of us devoted 100% to winning this war . . . to speeding the peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before . . . to the day when we'll build for you an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!



The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

NASH - KELVINATOR CORPORATION

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Bear down, Mister . . .
Buy War Bonds
TILL IT HURTS!



NASH
AUTOMOBILES



KELVINATOR



REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES

Hit that Beach!

Bill Bluejacket mans 'em—Johnny Doughboy rides 'em—and when these surf-jumping barges hit the beach, Uncle Sam's fighting men prove that

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!



WITH MOTORS ROARING, the first wave of Uncle Sam's craft races for the "invasion beach-head." The Navy coxswain at the wheel (*right rear*) is responsible for getting his craft and its soldiers on the beach at the right spot.



"FIRST WAVE ASHORE!" Down goes the ramp, and with a running jump, Johnny Doughboy lands in the shallows, races across wet sands for the dunes to dig in—and the "beach-head attack" is on!

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.
(BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS.)

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



THEY'RE called the "Amphibious Forces," and they work together ... play together ... fight together, in the big, months-long job that winds up with these words, "Beach-head taken!" Off duty, Johnny Doughboy and Bill Bluejacket have some of the same preferences, too—especially in cigarettes. For these two, at the left, it's a full-flavored, fresh Camel. *Fresh*, for Camels are packed to go round the world.

Extra
MILD too—
Camels suit
me to a
'T'



The "T-Zone"—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you ... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

Camels